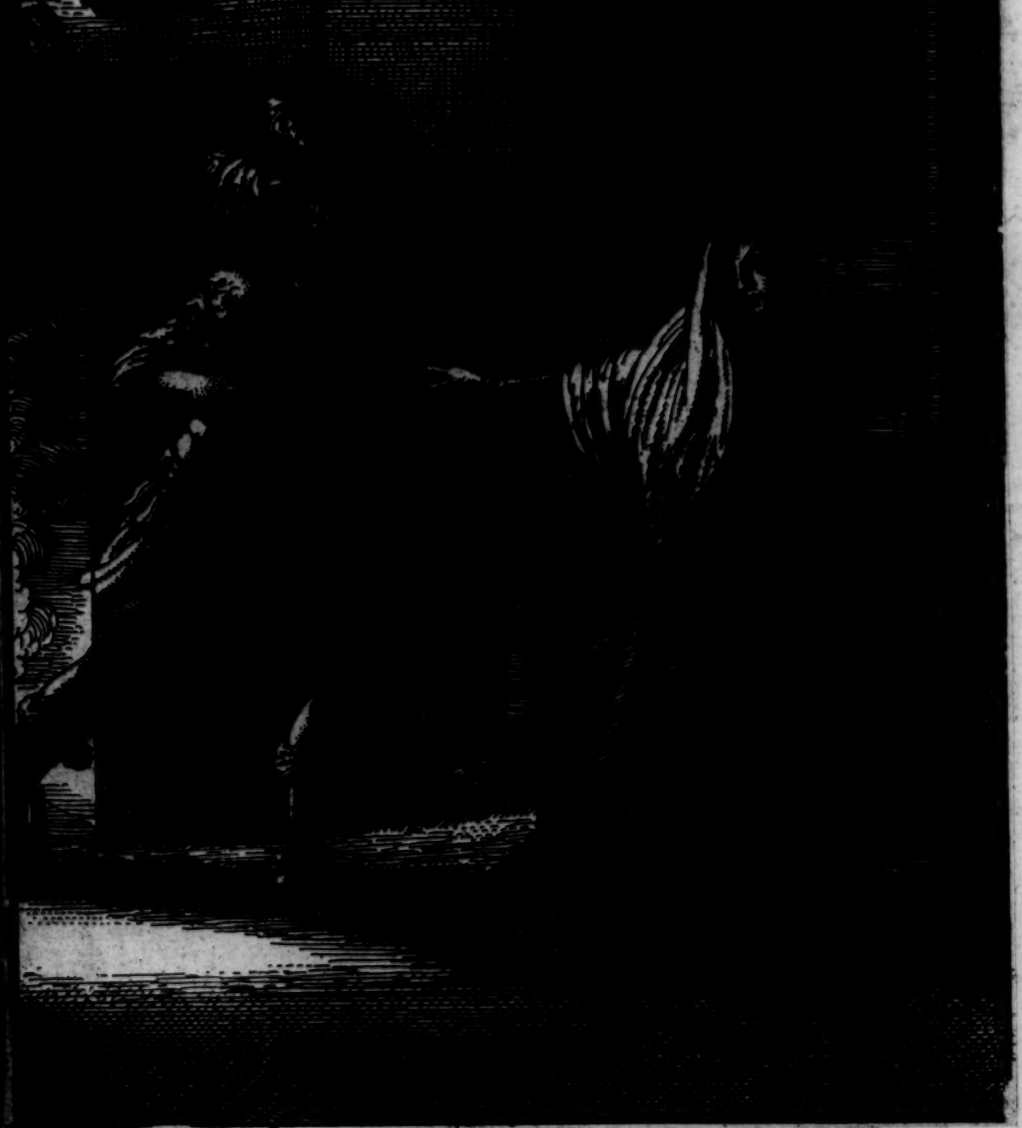
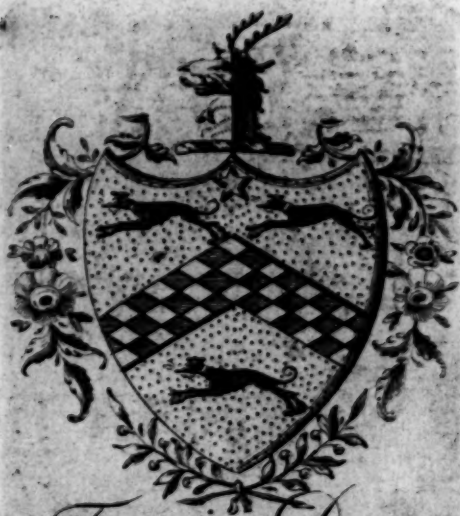




Donc P. 241.



Francis Douce.

T A L E S

FROM

F O N T A I N E;

THE

First SATIRE and First EPISTLE

OF

H O R A C E;

AND

A LETTER to a FRIEND,

ON

HIS REPINING at OLD AGE.

LONDON:



Printed for J. NOURSE opposite Katherine-street in the Strand,
Bookseller in Ordinary to his MAJESTY.

MDCCLXII.

T A L E S

FROM

FOUNTAIN

THE

THE

THE

AND

A BATTLE

OF

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE
P U B L I S H E R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

SOME time ago a widow of a late brother bookseller and friend of mine came to see me, and after having paid the usual compliment of tears to the memory of the poor departed man, Mr. ———, says she, it is in your power to do me a piece of service: you must know, that looking not long since among a heap of old writings, I found several tied up together, all in verse: I don't pretend to be a judge of those things; but I read some of them; they were most of them called tales; and I thought them good comical enough.

Two or three days after Mr. Scrutiny came to see me, who, you know, was our corrector of the press; I show'd them to him, to know if he could tell any thing about them, and if they were good for any thing; for you can't but be sensible that verses often sell well, and sometimes too, as I have been told, when they are not good for much either. Know any thing about them! says Mr. Scrutiny; why, yes; I remember them very well: they were brought to your husband by an officer of the army just before the troops embarked, the beginning of the late war, for Flanders; and tho' your husband had been some how frighten'd, so as not to refuse printing them, yet coming from an officer, he could not take it in his head they'd do: But I had the preparing of them for the press, and could not find but they were as well as most of the things he used to publish. Let's see, says he, taking up the papers: why ay, here's a poem of your husband's to the courteous reader; he was certainly mad on this occasion;

son; he wrote this as a thing of humour, to acquaint the town with his case; and when he had done it (as indeed he did make a little free with the captain) he durst not show it him, and on course was afraid to publish it; but while he was in this perplexity, the captain was ordered to his regiment, which embarked directly for Flanders: he then laid them quite aside, in the manner I suppose you found them. As to the officer, your husband heard he was knock'd on the head in some of the battles; which I suppose is true, as we have never since had any account of him.

Now, Sir, here they are; and as Mr. Scrutiny thinks they'll do, if you would publish them for the benefit of me and my poor children, as you know we are but in piteous circumstances, it might be some help to us. I am sure my husband had always a very great respect for you; but, poor man! he's gone; though I never before suspected he wrote verses;

I wish his poor family may not be the worse for it; for they say nobody thrives that's that way given.

While the good woman was running on thus, a gentleman, a very good customer and friend of mine, and to whom I have the greatest obligations, happened to come in; and as he is a very charitable well-dispos'd man, and was not unknown to the widow, she soon let him into the whole affair, and begg'd he wou'd back her request.

Verses of an officer and bookseller! says he: why the curiosity of mankind, I should think, wou'd at least take off an Edition or two. A bookseller's poetry, of all things! pray let's see it, as that must be a rarity indeed: for tho' many of them, it's possible, may have distinguished themselves in rhyme, yet at present it's certain there is very little remaining of it.

When

When he had read it over aloud, which he seemed to do with great glee, he was so taken, I suppose, with the conceit of it, that he immediately cry'd out, oh publish, publish it by all means ; poetry by a bookseller is an entertainment the town must on no account be deprived of.

But, Sir, says I, give me leave a little, if you please, since I heard you read the verses, I am not surpriz'd my friend was afraid to show them to the captain : don't you think he's very free with the army.

With the army ! says he, seeming a little surpriz'd ; I find, friend, you know nothing of the army ; I wish all other professions cou'd stand raillery as well, and were as well pleas'd with it as the officers of the army, it would give us a much better opinion of the uprightness of their intentions. Vice and folly are to be found among people of every profession, but by none

held more in contempt in general than by the gentlemen of the army; they never thought their profession in danger, and that it was an insult upon their whole body, when any crime or folly among them was either punished or exposed.

But, Sir, says I, once more with your leave; there was something at the end that seems to say as if our army frighten'd our friends only, and not the foe; now that is absolutely false; for it is very well known to their enemies and all Europe that no troops ever behav'd better.

At this the gentleman burst quite out a laughing. Seems to say! cries he; why I think it is said plain enough; but who says it? a poor bookseller, that one of them had put in a fright, and who was himself a proof of the truth of what he said; for as they had no profess'd enemies at that time to deal with, if they frighten'd any, we must suppose them to be friends;

friends; and so far, tho' perhaps he was not aware of it, the poor man happen'd to be right.

Though I'd not have you look on our troops then and at present in the same light; a long peace had scarce left us an inferior officer or soldier who had seen any thing that cou'd be call'd service; and discipline and the exact performance of all military duties, so absolutely necessary to frighten the foe, I am afraid were not sufficiently regarded; yet in this condition were we under a necessity of entering into a war with a powerful nation frequently practis'd and experienc'd in it; and what prospect we had from such a situation may be easily conceived.

But providence, to our great comfort, gave us a young prince, to whom nothing could be superior; who soon reviv'd our antient military ardor,

ardor, and with a soul incapable of fear, and full of his great family spirit, inspir'd our troops, raw as they were, to perform wonders; to whom not only his country, but all Europe, owes its liberty; and tho' unsupported by his pretended friends, and with numbers greatly inferior, he was a constant terror to our enemies, who paid so dear for every advantage, as only to make them more in earnest for a peace; and to him we must ascribe our present military reputation.

It has been the fashion to compare him to Scipio; as being, I suppose, the most like him that cou'd be found; but had Scipio been in his situation, with near half of an inferior army compos'd of such succours as cou'd never be prevail'd on to face the enemy, he wou'd not, I believe, have brought the Carthaginians to relinquish every advantage gain'd thro' the whole course of their war with the Romans.

But

But I am got on a subject foreign to the present purpose, and much too great for me ; to which, I am afraid, the finest pens will scarce be able to do justice ; and therefore to the point in hand.

A bookseller's poetry must, I am sure, be the admiration of the town, and as the officer's has met with Mr. Scrutiny's approbation, I beg it may be publish'd ; for I cannot see why correctors of the press shou'd not be as good judges of what will do for the press, as our actors are for the stage ; for I am sure they have often entertained the town with things, to their own great advantage, that no other living creature cou'd possibly have thought wou'd have produc'd a single farthing.

All you have to do, is, to beg the reader to consider it as publish'd at the time intended, the beginning of the year 1742 ; which may in some measure account for your brother bookseller's

ler's odd notion of the army ; and will shew the reason why he speaks of Swift and Pope as alive, which they then were : and as for the officer's poetry, I'll answer for it, so much I depend on Mr. Scrutiny's opinion, that as your departed friend makes the captain say, in his address to the reader, there are women and men too whom 'twill hit, at least enough to get off an edition or two, and be of service to the poor widow.

In short, not to detain the reader too long, what with the importunity of the widow, my compassion for her distress, and the influence of a gentleman, to whom I have so many obligations, I found myself under a necessity of publishing this, just as it was prepar'd for the press before the beginning of the late war.

All I beg is, that the illustrious critics will not be such cannibals to devour the remains of a poor man, so long since out of the world ; and that the good-natur'd town will not let me
suffer

suffer for my charitable disposition, and they will infinitely oblige

The most obedient of all

their humble servants,

The PUBLISHER.

P O S T S C R I P T.

It is a melancholy thing, to be sure, to see a book come into the world without a dedication, and on course without one to countenance or protect it from all the many twistings, turnings, and variety of tortures, it is liable to undergo at the pleasure of every evil-minded reader.

Though

Though this might not have been the case, had the author been yet in the world; as I learnt from Mr. Scrutiny his intention was to have dedicated this to the Right Hon. the Marquis of GRANBY: what his particular reasons were for it, I shall not pretend to say, as at the time this was first intended to be publish'd, the Marquis's great qualities had not shone forth with the lustre they have since appeared in, to the admiration of all mankind; but as I verily believe our author was not second sighted, and could not possibly foresee the pitch of glory the Marquis was to arrive at, there is no guessing at the reason of his intention: but whatever it was, this is certain, that however profuse he might have been in heaping together, as usual on those occasions, all the virtues and great abilities which go to the making up of the most finish'd character, he cou'd not have been accus'd of flattery; and he was certainly right in the choice of his patron, as had he succeeded, he could not possibly have had a better. But what the Marquis, from his great
and

and superior abilities might have refused to an author, his humanity may incline him to bestow on a poor widow, as the distress'd have ever been sure of his protection.

THE

and superior abilities might have refused to an-
 other, his humanity may incline him to bestow
 on a poor widow, who had never been

the object of his protection.

BOOKSELLER

TO THE

READER.

THE courteous reader's probably in
 doubt,

Curious to know how this same thing came out:

To clear myself, and set the matter right,

Sincerely I declare how I came by't.

An officer with smart fierce cock, and wig

With tail like that hangs dangling to a pig,

Came to my shop, on which I cast an eye

Round on what books I thought he'd want to

buy;

For

For various customers we've various stuff;
For that man this, for him that's well enough.
An officer! what can his business be?

What thing will suit him best? Stay—hold—
let's see:

If drink's his taste, on this he'll like to pore:
That smut will hit him, if he loves a whore.

Is he a—*Mar-ti-net**, I think's the name;
Something, they say, that's always in a flame;

That

• As I did not rightly understand what was meant by
a Martinet, and apprehending that some readers might
know as little of it as myself, I got the following account
of it from an old officer; whether just or not, is submitted
to better judgments.

Martinet was a French officer of good abilities, and a
happy turn for military affairs, and to whom that nation
was indebted for many excellent things in their discipline,
which before his time was very imperfect: and from him
every man since, with a more than ordinary turn for mi-
litary affairs, has been call'd a Martinet.

a

Now

That finds at home, in one year, more to do,
Than Marlbro' in his ten campaigns went thro';
That

Now it so happens, that though there are men of clear and strong heads, able to direct and guide things to such or such a point, without any puzzle or confusion, yet on the contrary, there are men of weak heads and strong passions, born to puzzle and confound; and as these men are generally allow'd to be the most numerous in all professions, and have besides a sort of restlessness in their constitution, that never permits them to be satisfied with any thing plain, natural, and easy: they have always been able, by their unwearied endeavours, to keep up a puzzle and confusion, from one generation to another.

And thus it comes to pass that the name of Martinet has become most commonly a reproach instead of a credit, as it ought to be, to an officer so called.

To instruct, which certainly ought to be the business of a Martinet, requires the clearest head, and most even temper; whereas some have been so unaccountably mad on these occasions, that, for want possibly of a better reason, this disorder has been generally attributed to the bite of a mad adjutant; but with what justice, says the officer,

That puzzles day and night, of sleep bereft;
And all to know his right hand from his left;
For him a *Bland*, tho' uselefs, must be had;
Not that he needs to study to be mad.

Reflecting thus, he beckons with a wink:
Sir, with your leave, one bottle we must drink:
Yon tavern's near; come on, I'll lead the way:
What now, Sir!—Yes—that instant I obey.
All wonder what in private he cou'd lack:
I've no specifick for a pox or clap;
I vend no nostrums suited to all ills,
Have neither Ward's, Belloft's, or Mis'bin's
 pills:

To guess I might in vain have spent the year;
Howe'er the bottle set the matter clear:

is most humbly submitted to the whole body of regular
physicians, who, if they so please, can easily account for any
thing, though it may appear to others ever so unaccount-
able.

When seated, Sir, says he, I've a design;
But first, well thought, he cry'd, let's taste the
wine:

Now, you must know, I've something you
must print:

Yes, if I do, think's I, the devil's in't:

That were a frolick, truly, good enough;

A foldier's works must sure be pretty stuff.

Lord, Sir! says I, I beg to be excus'd;

Not but I'm sorry you shou'd be refus'd:

But Swift and Pope have made so much ado,

We rarely venture now on ought that's new:

Few things are wrote, the public test that stands;

And works on works lie useles on our hands.

Ere that damn'd Dunciad, hateful book! was
writ,

Each press was groaning with a weight of wit;

And

And though we've many now write full as well,
The town's infected, and their works won't sell;
Authors approv'd by country, court, and town,
Sad change! at present go no longer down;
And if you've ought you think will pass for wit,
You'll pardon me, but ten to one you're bit.

No matter, stern, he cry'd, for what you've
hinted;

But, 'sblood and d—n me, Sir! I'll have it
printed:

D'ye think for all mankind I care a fig:
(Methought the puff'd cockade appear'd more
big);

Pray tell who e'er what I have wrote shall con
o'er,

That it's approv'd by some nice men of honour:
Swift may be shelter'd by his parson's gown;
But Pope—I know a way to take him down:

Can

Can it be right two men should proudly sit
Sole judges, to determine what is wit?
Like fate to give an absolute decree,
And authors live or die as they agree?
Happy before their damn'd tyrannic sway,
An author, in his turn, might have his day.
We all must know how Dav'nant's Gondbert
King

Once on a time was thought a pretty thing;
And how in Blackmore's Job, in woeful
plight,

The city well dispos'd, took great delight:
How many wits, approv'd for prose or rhyme,
Like dying men, might say they had their
time:

Instances many make the fact most clear,
And the Four Seasons lasted—half a year.

But

But to be short, I want a present penny :

You'll find here's something that will tickle
many :

The ladies, I am sure, will find some wit ;

Believe me, there are men too whom 'twill
hit ;

And know, as it goes off, you must come
down ;

For crop runs low in this expensive town.

Come, take these papers, Sir, before you go ;

And pay the bottle—s'death ! I'll have it so.

Orders obey'd, I instant quit the place,

And yet in terror tell the world my case.

'Twere best the ladies buy, and all the
smarts ;

If this don't sell I'll surely break their hearts ;

For

For if the printing of these lines should harm
me,

Fore gad! I'll lodge complaint 'gainst standing
army;

I shall acquaint the house how matters go,

And that they're friends they frighten, not the
foe.

THE

E R R A T A.

Page 48 l. 15 read *and stript* for *striped*

80 l. 3 dele *be,*

97 l. 5 read *th'* for *the*

130 l. 8 read *lyes* for *is*

133 l. 1 read *we know.*

THE EPHESIAN MATRON.

IF there's a story quite worn out,
 For ages many hack'd about,
 It must be this, none can debate it;
 Then what occasion to relate it?
 What obligation have you to it?
 'Tis wrong, that's all, and so you'll do it.
 For ever must this tale be told,
 And never die, tho' e'er so old,
 So oft repeated o'er and o'er?
 The world can bear it now no more.
 With what eye, think you, they'll behold it,
 Who've seen how well Petronius told it?

B

But

2 The EPHESIAN MATRON.

But be advis'd, and give it o'er :

Advis'd ! I beg you'll say no more.

Advise a man about to write !

Friend, you mistake the matter quite.

We dealers all in prose or song,

In spite of ev'ry thing go on,

To answer cavils infinite :

But know that I'm resolved to write,

And though the story's old, 'tis true ;

Let's see, if I can't make it new.

At Ephesus, in times of yore,

There liv'd a dame ; none such before

Or since her time, has yet been known ;

The virtues all appear'd her own.

No woman e'er was deem'd so sage,

The standing wonder of the age !

No talk but of her chastity,

Crowds flock'd this miracle to see !

All

All thought her country greatly blest,
 Of females to have borne the best,
 And ev'ry grave, old, worn-out wife,
 To daughters wild, cry'd, Lead her life.
 The husbands all extoll'd her much,
 And begg'd their wives would be just such.
 From her began the noted race
 Of prudes, all running o'er with grace,
 Who bless themselves, and cry, O fie!
 While we, astonish'd, wonder why.

The husband, to a folly, lov'd
 This dame, so much by all approv'd;
 But all the virtues of the wife
 Could not prolong the husband's life:
 He dy'd; that's all of him that's said;
 That's all we're told of millions dead.

4 The EPHESIAN MATRON.

Could any thing have calm'd her grief,
His will might well afford relief:
But the whole earth, with all it's store,
For her had not one joy left more,
And, as her life, her soul, was gone,
Car'd not whom things were settled on.
Though widows most disconsolate
Seldom neglect affairs so great,
And many an one, with weeping eyes,
Counts o'er the gold, and counts and cries;
How matters stand, must take a glance,
Always regarding the main chance:
But this sent forth such piteous cries
And shrieks that rent the very skies;
She wou'd have pierc'd a heart of stone,
Although we know, when widows moan,
And wring their hands, and rend their hair,
The noise exceeds the grief by far,

All

All strove to mitigate her grief,
 With counsels fitted for relief,
 Such as are usual to apply
 With or without a reason why :
 They begg'd for God's sake she'd believe,
 That now it was in vain to grieve ;
 No grief would make her loss the less ;
 Besides 'twas sin, when to excess ;
 With all that folks are wont to say,
 And at these junctures throw away.

This made the Dame outrageous quite :
 To the dark tomb she took her flight,
 There, by her lord of life bereft,
 To spend the little she had left.

But see what friendship can effect !
 A slave in pity and respect,

Brought up by her from tender years,
Follow'd the dame, and join'd her tears;
Resolv'd, not weighing well the case,
To die with her upon the place:
But, when she better came to think,
Something or other made her shrink:
A while she gave the dame her way,
Then told her what she had to say:
But all endeavours were in vain,
The mistress constant was the same,
Determin'd there to yield her breath,
Fix'd on her only comfort, DEATH.
She might out of the many ways
That lead direct to end our days,
Have pitch'd on one not quite so long,
But famine was determin'd on;
She was resolv'd to feed her eyes
On the dear corpse that lifeless lies.

Remains

Remains so precious ask some stay,
Tho' pale and cold, a lump of clay :
This way expiring had its charms,
Dying to hold him in her arms ;
To drop on him the last salt tear,
'Twas due to one so lov'd, so dear.

Two days were past in plaints and sighs,
In wailings bitter, piteous cries ;
Her eyes alone were all she fed,
With them devours her husband dead,
Resolv'd, with them, while they should last,
To make one sad, yet sweet repast ;
You'd think it strange the truth to tell,
That grief should speak itself so well !

Another corpse, not far from hence,
Was, for I know not what offence,

8 The EPHESIAN MATRON.

Hung dangling in the open air,
To strike in other rogues a fear,
That those who don't the living dread,
May find a terror in the dead.
A soldier cent'ry posted there,
Had strictest orders to beware
The body was not borne away,
For which his forfeit life must pay ;
Severity some thought too great,
Though us'd for reasons good of state.

The soldier chanc'd to see a light
Break from the tomb at dead of night ;
What it could mean he went to spy,
Impell'd by curiosity,
A passion of extended sway,
That most from earliest years obey ;

To

The EPHESIAN MATRON. 9

To gratify it maids and men
Have ventur'd o'er and o'er again.
He enters, and, with vast surprize,
Demands the reason of their cries,
And all the melancholy scene,
And doleful notes, what could they mean?
The widow made him no replies,
No answer, but her tears and sighs;
Her husband, by her stretch'd and dead,
Answer'd for her to all he said.

The maid, whose complaisance was more,
Rehears'd him all the story o'er;
Told of the vow they made to die,
And all the urgent reasons why.
Our soldier, orator not great,
(Faculty rare in that estate)

Yet

10 The EPHESIAN MATRON.

Yet made a shift, I don't know how,
To shew the folly of their vow,
And, some way, prov'd whate'er folks say,
Life's something not to throw away :
Time lent his aid to this debate,
Who ev'ry grief can mitigate,
Who never fails to work a cure,
And, though he's sometimes slow, he's sure.

The soldier begg'd, for all their vow,
To bring his supper they'd allow ;
And, though they would not taste the meat,
There was no hurt to see him eat :
None could refuse so fair a thing,
And supper he's allow'd to bring.

The servant found temptation strong
Again to prove her mistress wrong,

And

The EPHESIAN MATRON. 11

And could not, for her soul, discover,
Why death with one must have the other
And, 'cause he robb'd the man of life,
Be made a present of the wife.

Madam, said she, 'tis wrong to die,
And I have many reasons why ;

As, first, need we take pains, alas !

For what we know will come to pass ;

And teaze and plague ourselves about it,

When 'tis as certain full without it ?

If nothing else can work a cure,

That remedy, at last, is sure ;

And, as for all this noise and clatter,

The corpse knows nothing of the matter ;

And, though he was a spouse most kind,

Had you gone, he'd have staid behind.

We may, at leisure, think on death,

Sure all too soon to yield our breath :

'Tis

12 The EPHESIAN MATRON.

'Tis wrong into his arms to fly;
Wrinkled 'tis time enough to die.
When I behold the blooming grace
And beauty wond'rous of that face,
I sigh and think 'twere pity great
Such charms should have so short a date.

Flatt'ry, that ne'er mistakes it's aim,
Rous'd and awak'd the yielding dame;
The god of love, that instant, drew
His bow, and shot her heart quite through;
The soldier likewise felt his dart,
Found the delicious, pleasing smart;
Was touch'd t'observe her tender years,
And looks more beauteous from her tears.
Grief has a most bewitching air;
It's force what flinty heart can bear?

Many

The EPHESIAN MATRON. 13

Many have stood secure from harm,
Proof against ev'ry other charm,
And all the terrors of a frown,
Whom tears, at once, have melted down.

We find our widow touch'd with praise,
Pleas'd with the man and all he says :
She hears, and, as she hears, relents ;
To taste the victuals she consents,
And the great difference between
The dead and living soon was seen.
She found him fitter much, 'tis said,
For love, than any corpse yet made ;
But, as 'tis hard to hit the mean,
And most tastes relish the extream,
The widow, reconcil'd to life,
Upon the spot, commenc'd his wife ;

His

14 The EPHESIAN MATRON.

His will that instant let him have,
Resign'd to him the life he gave;
She all was his, from that same hour,
To bear or do all in her power.

But, while these lovers thus were blest'd,
Of all the joys of love possess'd,
The lurking robbers seiz'd their prey,
And bore their brother's corpse away.
The soldier heard the noise, and run;
But all too late, the fact was done:
Return'd, with horror in his face,
He told his new-made spouse the case;
Assur'd her he must surely die,
The thief's now vacant place supply.
The maid, who saw their mutual grief,
Dab at expedients for relief,

Cry'd,

Cry'd, only follow what I'll tell,
 And never fear, all shall be well;
 Put but our corpse in t'other's place,
 The passers-by won't know the face;
 Council so good was follow'd straight,
 'Twould not admit of a debate.

Ah! woman will be woman still,
 When we have talk'd and wrote our fill;
 And some are beautiful, we know,
 And some, indeed, are but so, so;
 Though all must please, if once they cou'd
 Not seem, but be, in earnest, good.

From this same tale, O prudes, beware;
 Take heed and stretch not things too far;
 Oft we prove weaker than we thought,
 Condemn, but yet commit, the fault.

Though,

16 **THE EPHESIAN MATRON.**

Though if we reason right upon
 This case, we'll find Petronius wrong
 To dwell upon the last affair,
 Where I see nought to make one stare.
 The dame was somewhat out 'tis true,
 To make so very much ado;
 For what, we know, without one hair
 The worse, the weakest she can bear!
 But to allow the husband dead
 To be hung up in t'other's stead,
 To me, I own, its no great wonder,
 Whatever censure she's laid under.
 In this, she play'd the prudent wife,
 And kindly sav'd her second's life;
 For all must own a living slave
 Excel's an emp'ror in the grave:
 Did not live things surpass the dead,
 No widow, surely, e'er would wed?

THE

THE
CALENDAR
OF
OLD FELLOWS.

I'VE been astonish'd, many a time,
In marriage, that the main design,
Which can alone prevent debate,
Or make peace in a marry'd state,
From parents thoughts seems quite discarded;
And naught, but money, is regarded.

A daughter lovely, young, and gay,
They'll wed to one—If rich, that's gray;

C

Yet

18 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS.

Yet take great heed, when beasts they pair,
To match them with peculiar care—
Dogs, horses, of proportion'd force,
Together draw or run the course;
Oxen, when yok'd, are par'd with skill,
Or else the plough would go but ill;
And not to heed must be a joke
Who're join'd to drag the marriage yoke:
For matters then must go but ill,
When one will pull, and one stand still;
The truth of what I here maintain
The following tale will best explain:

A certain judge, nam'd Quinzeca,
Whose limbs were weak, and beard was gray,
Study had render'd not so sage
To take a wife of his own age;

To

To him another's case was known,
But very little of his own.
He chose a damsel fair and young,
To do that something to be done,
The bus'ness that we know each wife,
Engages she will do for life;
And, if they're let too long without it,
There's oft the de'el to pay about it;
The house, in short there's nought goes well in,
'Tis but a miserable dwelling.

Quinzeca, all the world well knew,
Had little of this work to do,
And found, to serve him for excuse,
His calendar of mighty use;
Observ'd each holiday with care,
And all their eves they must forbear.

20 THE CALENDAR OF OLD FELLOWS.

No business must be done on Sunday;
On Saturday and also Monday,
So nearly to the Sabbath join'd,
They should have other things in mind;
Wednesdays and Fridays, ask the church,
Are not design'd for business such.
There really was, accounts all say,
Throughout the year, a single day
They, with safe conscience, might pursue it,
And free from ev'ry scruple do it.
The calendar, some how, forbid it,
And 'twould be sinful, if they did it;
And many a saint was brought in play
To help out now and then a day,
Who justly might be call'd in question,
Of whom the legend makes no mention.

He

He triumph'd upon solemn feasts,
Not to forbear they must be beasts;
And, long before and after too,
What christian such a work would do?
He read his finest lessons then,
And flourish'd o'er and o'er again,
That she must know, when they were join'd,
For what the marriage state's design'd;
Not to indulge a brutal lust,
The service says, and speaks most just;
For that would be too foul a thing
So pure a state to enter in.

Lent was a most delicious fast,
He never car'd how long't wou'd last;
At advent too, that holy time,
Only to think on't was a crime.

22 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS.

He had inserted, in his list,
Th' apostles, each evangelist ;
Confessors, martyrs, down were set,
For which he rang'd the alphabet ;
A list of doctors had by heart,
And set for each a day apart ;
And, where by chance a gap was seen,
Days ominous were hedg'd between ;
He had authorities at hand
To prove them plainly contraband.
The dog-days all knew were a season
When none would think on't who had reason ;
Nothing could more pernicious be,
That doctors one and all agree ;
'Twas downright flying to his knowledge,
Full in the face of all the college.
In short the thing was much the same,
Whatever season went or came ;

Throughout

Throughout the year, times three or four
 He would permit it, and no more;
 But then preach'd temp'rance and forbearing,
 'Twas done but very, very sparing.
 These methods he might find commodious,
 But sure a wife must think them odious,
 Though, in all points but this alone,
 A better husband ne'er was known;
 This wanting though! 'tis all a jest
 To think of doing with the rest.
 His wife had diamonds, change of cloaths,
 Trinkets how many heaven knows;
 An equipage and country-seat,
 Where in the summer they'd retreat:
 The house was seated near the sea,
 Fishing she loves to a degree;
 It was the lady's sole delight
 To be employed in something's right.

24 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS.

It happen'd, on a certain day,
A wager they agreed to lay;
'Twas who should get the greatest dish,
When they went out next morn to fish.
Each had a diff'rent boat provided,
That it might fairly be decided;
They took a hand or two, no more,
In each, and went not far from shore:
But this day's fishing to the wife
Turn'd out sufficient for her life;
Succeeds so to her utmost wishing,
She had no further need of fishing;
It was a sport with which sh' had done,
As things will sometimes take a turn.

It chanc'd a corsair hov'ring lay,
And bore directly on his prey;

The

The lady struck, at once, his eye,
The game at which they choose to fly.
The corsair's name was Pagamin,
The husband scap'd, he heeds not him;
But caught the lady in a trice,
A morsel they esteem most nice:
For sailors, all the world allow,
Have no regard to where or how;
If they can seize a tender fair,
They give themselves no farther care.
Diff'rent religions, countries, laws,
Are things at which they never pause;
All women are to them the same,
They never ask, from whence they came?

This corsair was a very devil,
Though otherwise polite and civil;

26 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS;

A perfect Cormorant bent on prey,
Throughout the year, had no fast day.
Tell him of seasons, 'twas a jest;
He always held the present best,
And smil'd to hear of times to come;
Except that only, heeded none.
From rules the lady could not stray,
But wept for nearly half a day;
Lamented things should go so cross;
How would her husband bear her loss?
No other woman e'er could be
So wretched, so forlorn, as she.

The corfair understood his trade,
Knew what on such occasion's said,
And gave her time for to run through
What all, in decency, must do:

But

But there's a crisis in the mind,
He watch'd and then spoke things so kind,
Begg'd something with so much submission,
Not any one in her condition,
If they had bowels could deny,
But must in gratitude comply.
Such treatment, when a slave, to find,
The world must own, was wond'rous kind!
To such a man what could she say?
'Twas best to let him have his way;
'Twas only wasting time to prate,
All must submit to what's their fate.

We may observe a tenderness
Attending ladies in distress;
The soul is quite disarm'd by grief,
Expos'd to love, that wily thief;

His

28 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS.

His time full well he can discover,
A corsair greater much than t'other :
Give but an op'ning he'll intrude,
Won't even spare the nicest prude ;
Behaves the same to high or low,
Nor quarter gives to friend or foe.

She found him plainly now within,
The corsair seems another thing ;
No dreadful robber, but a lover
Worth full a hundred of the other :
Of calendars he makes no mention,
And not a day is call'd in question ;
And she, his method was so good,
Let him go on, just as he would.

Quinzeca would have laid his life
Things had not stood thus with his wife ;

Thought

Thought she remain'd without a spot,
His lessons not so soon forgot ;
And long'd above all things, to see her,
So gets a pass, sets out to free her ;
Offers the corsair any sum,
On his own terms, it should be done ;
He'd spare no money for a wife,
Who lov'd him dearer than her life.

May heav'n, the corsair made reply,
I beg, forbid that ever I
Should be so very much to blame
To interrupt so pure a flame.
You shall be blest'd this very hour,
I'm glad I have it in my power.
I scorn to do a little thing,
Her ransom shall not cost a pin ;

36 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS.

All I desire is to discover
If she is yours, I ask no further.
I took, some time ago, a dame,
Near to the place from whence you came :
She's tall, and has a graceful mien,
A finer woman ne'er was seen ;
If she turn out to be the same
You mention take her in God's name.

Quinzeca thank'd him very much,
Vow'd there was not another such,
Not one so generous and good,
But all must have a livelihood ;
And begg'd the ransom might be paid,
A profit that attends his trade ;
That he'd not be by any one,
In generosity, outdone ;

And

And adds, you need not doubt the dame
You mention'd is the very fame.
But I don't beg you'll credit me,
Convince yourself by what you'll see,
Credit the kisses that she'll give,
Her transports when she sees I live;
Credit the tears, for joy, she'll shed,
They'll prove the truth of all I've said;
Hear how she'll sigh, My life, my dear,
Her fondness will each scruple clear;
No cares, but one, my thoughts employ,
That's least she dies away for joy.
But, how one's memory may fail!
I very near had spoil'd my tale,
Had like to have pass'd the lady's name,
Her friends, the place from whence she came.
These circumstances should it lack,
The world would be upon my back,

Not

32 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS.

Not mind one earthly thing I spoke,
And take my story for a joke.
I think I hear a lady cry,
Lord, Madam, this is all a lye,
An odious thing, now I protest,
Design'd to make us all a jest,
As if a wife should take it ill,
Because a husband rests his fill.
I know, for this, the de'el should take him,
If he were mine before I'd wake him :
If such a wife as this could be,
Why don't we know her family,
Why arn't we told from whence she came ?
I long, methinks to know her name.

I'm glad I thought of this in time,
A lye is far from my design :

The

The husband, wife, accounts are clear,
In Pifa dwelt full many a year,
Where all, may know, as well as I,
If there's a word of this a lye;
Her friends the top of all the town,
These facts around spread up and down.

Bartholomée the lady's name,
For truth is all at which I aim;
I hate your wicked jokes and gibes
To wound one through another's sides;
I tell a fact, and cry beware,
Remember this, and have a care;
I hope I've not been in the wrong
To clear this point, let's now go on.

The lady, brought that instant in,
She starts as at some frightful thing,

D

Then

34 The CALENDAR OF OLD FELLOWS.

Then stands surpriz'd, and takes a view
As of some monster strange and new;
He seems to her as much unknown,
As one just from the torrid zone.

Alas! Quinzeca cries, you see
Plainly in this her modesty;
Poor thing! she's bashful, now you're here,
Asham'd to let her joy appear:
Did not your presence give a check,
Her arms had been around my neck;
Boldness is what she never knew,
On which the corsair straight withdrew.

Quinzeca left with her alone,
Began to think he was unknown;
Astonish'd thus address'd the dame:
Bartholomée, are'nt I the same?

Don't

Don't you your own Quinzeca view,
In all respects the same to you?
If I am alter'd, 'tis by grief;
Mine would admit of no relief,
And knew no respite night or day,
Or ceas'd, since you were forc'd away;
Sure, husband ne'er could be more kind,
And that, if you reflect, you'll find.
Did I but once refuse, you say,
Whate'er you ask'd for clothes or play?
You shone the very first in dress,
The envious neighbours that confess.
All in my power I freely gave,
I was you're sensible, your slave:
And can you now forget your dear,
Prefer to him your bondage here,
Content in slavery to stay,
Regardless what the world will say?

36 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS.

If such a thing shou'd e'er be done,
What of your honour will become ?
What can you think your friends will say ?
Just what they please, she cries, they may.
My honour they had much in mind,
And you likewise when we were join'd ;
To have a corpse laid by the side
Of a young longing, tender bride,
One of an age that's fit to prove
Each rapture, all the fire of love ;
Fram'd ev'ry sweet, each joy, to know,
The whole that Hymen can bestow.
This all my Pagamin can give,
With him I but began to live ;
No calendars are here in use
To furnish out a poor excuse,
Digest or code is understood,
And yet he has a way right good ;

This

This very morn, more joy I knew,
Than in the years I liv'd with you.
This may surprize you I confess,
But you, my friends, deserve no less :
To them for giving me 'tis due
To such a feeble wretch as you ;
And you to judge so ill you're force !
'Tis what you should expect in course.
You have no reason to complain,
What loss in me will you sustain ?
Why will you idly me pursue,
With whom you've not the least to do ?
It's just as if you wanted fight,
And yet were raving for a light ;
Or should a blockhead, 'tis no better,
Who can't make out a single letter,
For books hunt all the town about,
And after authors make a rout.

38 The CALENDAR of OLD FELLOWS.

To all your fasts and feasts adieu !
Now you may keep the whole year through ;
But know, between, the head and feet,
There's more requir'd than clothes and meat,
Something that can't be had from you ;
This said, she instantly withdrew.

Quinzeca was aghast confounded,
His senses in amazement drowned ;
Age and the treatment of his wife
Soon put a period to his life.
The corsair's to the widow wed,
With great content their lives they led ;
This marriage prov'd not like the first,
For nothing here was took on trust,
As they had trial to discover,
If things were suiting one another.

From

From this, ye dotards all beware,
Wed not with those who're young, and fair,
Least they get what they judge their due
From others, when not found with you;
Unless you can with patience take it,
And not spoil sport when you can't make it;
For, if a helping hand is lent,
The business done, the wife's content.

T H E
Y O U N G W I D O W .

FOR husbands lost, poor women cry,
And are so griev'd, you'd swear they'd die ;
Yet, how it happens, I can't tell,
For there's not one but what does well.
Time sets the matter all to rights,
'And mirth returns, and wit, and flights ;
'A widow of a day or year
Is very different that point's clear ;
So much unlike that you'd mistake her,
'And ne'er for the same creature take her.
One flies mankind, looks grave and sad ;
T'other's for sport and pastime mad :

The

The first declares she is undone,
 Comfort to her can ne'er return ;
 But don't regard her, 'tis a joke,
 Each female pipes the self-same note ;
 It is a fashion does prevail,
 That's all, as by the following tale :

A husband of a tender wife
 Was setting out for t'other life ;
 His wife in tears besought he'd stay
 For her just going the same way ;
 Her grief wou'd break a heart of stone,
 But yet the husband went alone.

This widow had a father good,
 Who all these matters understood,
 And let this torrent great of grief
 First run, then minister'd relief :

My

My child, said he, but ill these tears
Suit with your bloom and tender years ;
Your youth may hope for joys in store ;
Many and greater than before,
That not import your husband dead,
Whose sense of things with life is fled.
To what is not there's nothing due,
To living objects turn your view ;
I have a man, at a fit time,
I shall propose, just in his prime,
Who is to this that's dead a king,
In short, he's quite another thing.

To which the weeping fair reply'd,
'Twas thought a little mollify'd :
A cloister I must only wed,
All joys of life to me are dead.

The

The father took no further care,
 But left her to digest th'affair ;
 One month pass'd by, another came,
 The dress was not exact the same.
 Time alter'd matters ev'ry day,
 And grief unheeded stole away,
 By gentle steps, like thief most fly,
 Who oft deceives the stander-by ;
 Though, to be sure none could have thought it,
 Yet time that master workman wrought it.
 The habit mournful as the face,
 New modell'd, was contriv'd to grace ;
 She just took care to be attir'd,
 Exact as decency requir'd.
 Decency, darling of the fair,
 That points out all things to a hair,
 Directs them when to weep or sing,
 And to a tittle time the thing :

The

The husband, so bewail'd before,
Was now allow'd to vex no more ;
And dance and song, and wit, and mirth,
Buried in form, renew'd their birth.

But as the old man nothing said,
No talk of any one to wed :
Why, father, cry'd this widow fair,
(Not that I've any thoughts I'll swear,)
But only tell me, for the joke,
Where's the young man of whom you spoke ?

THE

T H E
B I T E O F A M A D D O G.

IT hap'd, as oft's the case, a wife
 Prov'd the sole plague of her dear's life,
 Too much addicted to that fame,
 For which poor women want a name;
 To have it all the sex agree,
 Yet none conceive what it can be;
 And, though a pastime for a queen,
 If mention'd, none know what you mean.
 The plainest talkers, the sex say,
 Are out most strangely of the way,
 Are ever understood the less,
 While not a soul can give a guess;

And

46 The BITE of a MAD DOG.

And yet this pastime, they won't own,
To us to be by females known :
The sex can never have alone,
For with us it must be partaken,
In this I cannot be mistaken.

}

This dame was at it without end,
With husband now, then with a friend ;
And, having still an—itch for more,
Cou'd ne'er be brought to give it o'er.
The husband first had his full share,
The rest but what he well might spare ;
But something there's in husbands such,
They grudge to spare, tho' they've too much ;
All ways to spoil her sport he try'd,
But, failing took a pet and dy'd.

Madam,

Madam, no longer now a wife,
Freed from domestic curb and strife,
Without restraint indulg'd her will
To have, if possible, her fill;
Each day affords some new delight,
And raptures many blest'd the night.

Report, ever inclin'd to blame,
That's on the watch to blast a name,
Told, here and there, things this and that;
In short, she was the public chat.

Her curate, busy at advice,
And for appearances most nice,
Waits on her, tells reports so foul,
Resolv'd to touch her to the foul.
Women, that had her tendency,
Should to their pastor oft apply;

If

48 The BITE of a MAD DOG.

If any one could do her good,
She might be sure her curate cou'd.
Ah! father, cries the fighting dame,
My case you'll pity more than blame;
A cure is what I ne'er can hope
All orders pass'd up to the Pope,
All by their cordials I should gain,
Could but assuage, not cure, my pain;
Churchman, or layman, can no more
You'll find, when I have told wherefore.

At fourteen, by a mad dog bit,
The remedy, by all thought fit,
Was in the sea to plunge me o'er,
Method approv'd since times of yore.

When naked then, stripped quite bare,
I clapp'd my hands, Sir, you know where;

Confus'd

Confus'd with blushes in my face,
 They never quitted that same place,
 Till, to my clothes restor'd again,
 Releas'd from my surprize and shame,
 The consequence that did ensue,
 Is what, alas! I'm bound to rue:
 The healing waters work'd their cure,
 Made all my other parts most pure,
 Freed ev'ry place expos'd and bare,
 But rage perpetual is there.

E T H E

THE
CORDELIERS.

THIS tale affords a sample rare
Of Cordeliers, whose tender care,
Whose charity the world must own,
As yet has been outdone by none ;
On works of love entirely bent,
They gave the ladies great content,
Who willing follow'd their advice,
As the straight road to paradise.
These spiritual guides well knew the art
To make impresson on the heart ;
Such holy fathers in the Lord
The sex ador'd with one accord,

They

They labour'd in the vineyard so,
As by the sequel you will know.

In times when women little knew,
But minded what they had to do;
E're yet the sex were grown so idle
To quote and to explain the bible;
A swarm of brothers, young and fine,
Who never thought good chear a crime,
In Catalonia chose a town
To fix, where all went glibly down;
For priests will thrive beyond all question,
Grow big from other folks digestion,
Of sober husbands here was plenty,
Whose wives, were you a faint, would tempt ye:
The brothers cast an eye of pity
On all these females young and pretty,

E 2

Who

Who from good pastors comfort find,
To whom they're wond'rously inclin'd.

The holy fathers first yearn'd greatly
To build a convent fine and stately,
While all the females thither run,
Contribute large to get it done ;
For whos'er gives to work so glorious,
Performs an act most meritorious ;
And, if some are not out in guessing,
'Tis a sure way to gain a blessing.

The convent done, and knowing, sure,
The women's faith was found and pure,
And faith, when dead, of no one use is,
But, quicken'd, finest fruit produces,
The fathers thought no care too much
To cultivate it for the church ;

And

And summon'd, for a certain day,
The wives, all that were young and gay,
To hear, they privately were told,
Instructions useless to the old.
Th' unmarried too, for some good reasons,
Must wait they said, their proper seasons.
And, when the wives, all expectation,
Had punctual form'd the congregation,
Father Andrew never goes about,
But to the matter spoke right out ;
Harangues as follows, makes all clear ;
The wives with due attention hear :
If any thing can stop, he cries,
Your ent'ring straight in paradise,
It is your giving us no share
Of what your husbands have to spare,
Of that which, taken o'er and o'er,
There's still remaining as much more ;

Then think how great must be th' abuse
To keep it solely for their use.
What is superfluous to deny
Argues the want of charity;
And, since not offer'd first by you,
We must insist upon our due.
Perhaps you're ready to reply,
'Tis sin to break the marriage tie;
Though such an answer would be nonsense
To us who are to guide the conscience;
'Tis your sole duty to obey,
Ours to direct you the right way.
These dues were to our order giv'n,
By many Popes long since in heav'n,
A tithe upon the marriage state,
As solace small for labours great:
Our claim is only on you wives,
Ground that lies waste can yield no tithes.

If

If well are weigh'd our cares for you,
You never can dispute this due :
Ingratitude's an heinous sin,
A vice whence ev'ry crime must spring;
For that alone, you know full well,
The De'el was headlong thrown to hell.
Beware in that how you offend,
If to a blessing you pretend ;
Moreo'er, these tithes we claim as due,
That cannot be a loss to you,
Will manifest our zeal and love,
How we our faithful flock approve.

Three times a month, nor less nor more,
Each wife must punctual clear her score,
Must make due payment, whate'er chances,
Unto the brethren of St. Francis.

Besides, the scripture makes it plain,
Which, to your comfort, I'll explain;
The scripture doth to us devise
Of things made for man's use the tithes.
That this is one of them, indeed,
I doubt not you are all agreed;
And, since you see the case is plain,
I must insist on it again,
That ev'ry one without delay,
In gratitude and duty, pay.
As suits each man's ability,
To have the whole of this we'll try;
For, whate'er trouble we go through,
We never must abate our due,
As the poor church would go to tatters,
Should we o'erlook the weightier matters,
Let none, I beg, be scrupulous,
And trust your consciences with us;

But,

But, of all things, pray mind this one,
Between the flesh and shift what's done
'Twould be indecent to discover
To husbands, or to any other.
In three words, Paul gives full direction;
They are faith, charity, discretion.

The sermon had its due effect,
At this discourse not one soul slept;
To hear him they could ne'er be tir'd,
And all his eloquence admir'd.
A shining light broke from each part,
His words sunk deep into the heart;
To clear the conscience straight from sin,
Great contest rose who should begin;
The preacher's words had mov'd them so,
That all would pay, before they'd go;

And

But,

And many murm'ring went away,
To be put off to the next day.
The holy priests blush'd to refuse,
Such zeal appear'd to pay their dues ;
But, forc'd, cry'd, ladies, by your leave,
Give us a little time to breath,
And let us beg you to consent,
Things may be done with management :
Let times be fix'd on with each brother,
This day for one, the next for t'other ;
Who goes too fast, believe a friend,
Will hardly reach his journey's end.

Thus all things settl'd with civility,
According to each man's ability,
Some for their share took turn with ten,
Twelve or fifteen for abler men ;

But

But father Blaze, all o'er in flame,
The church's credit to maintain,
Scarce ever of the spirit empty,
Brim full of zeal, took up with twenty.

Though, when some months were pass'd away,
The fathers would, some authors say,
To show that there was faith in men,
Have given credit now and then :
But, in this point, each wife sincere
Took care to have her conscience clear ;
The order robb'd of their least due,
A curse, they thought, must sure ensue.
And some, inflam'd with zeal divine,
Found means to pay before their time ;
While others scrupulously nice,
Begg'd of all things to pay it twice :

'Twou'd

'T wou'd give them greater peace of mind,
Would but the fathers be so kind ;
'T was wonderful the harmony,
How in the good work all agree !

It happen'd on an ev'ning late,
A husband and his loving mate
Were passing by the convent-gate :
A fit of zeal came on the wife ;
Says she, if you'll walk on, my life,
I'll just step in here, now I'm by,
And will be with you instantly :
I've an affair here with a brother ;
'T will in a moment's time be over.
Why, what the devil's in your head ?
The man reply'd, they're gone to bed :
To-morrow morning is not long hence,
A fitter time to ease your conscience :

What

What you have done, I cannot guess,
To go at midnight, to confess.
Good Lord! she cry'd, that's not the case;
It is to do an act of grace;
And, sure, 'tis right at any time,
To go about a work divine;
'Tis only just to pay a due,
A duty that imports not you.

Imports not me! he straight reply'd;
Faith, Madam, that shall soon be try'd:
The matter instantly declare,
Or else, by heav'n! I vow and swear:

Why Lord, says she, what work you make!
It is the tithe on th' married state;
As if indeed you never knew,
That tithes from ev'ry wife were due,

And

And that the whole was all your own,
And the church truly must have none.
Had you not kept me prating so,
It had been done an hour ago :
I us'd to be the first to pay,
And now, perhaps, by this delay,
E're a fit time shall chance again,
I'll be put off to Lord knows when.
The man, surpriz'd at what she said,
A hundred thoughts came in his head :
The de'el, he cries ; what's this you prate ?
A tithe upon the married state !

Why, yes, she innocent replies ;
What ails you, I cannot devise.
We're bound to give the fathers part
Of that which you and I—, my heart.—

Your

Your sister pays father Aubry,
The bailiff's wife father Fauby;
Her highness pays to brother William,
The sweetest monk among a million;
And, of what's wanted not by you,
I pay father Gerard his due,

What mischiefs from the tongue proceed,
When once from all restraint 'tis freed?
How many families undone,
Made wretched by th'unbridled tongue?
A single word, let fly in haste,
Has often laid whole nations waste.

All the affair now fully known,
The husband found he wa'n't alone;
Had many partners in his case,
Which much alleviates the disgrace;

Howe'er

Howe'er, to spoil was his intention

The pious work his wife was bent on.

Early next morn, at break of day,

His wife lock'd up, he hastes away,

Among the neighbours to relate

His hapless, but their common fate :

It touch'd the husbands to the heart ;

Each man straight took his wife apart,

Swore they'd not pardon the transgression,

Unless they made a fair confession.

Surpriz'd, not knowing what they do,

The wives told ev'ry tittle true,

And vow, whate'er of them become,

They thought no harm in what was done ;

Protested they were not in jest,

But really did it for the best.

The matter thus confess'd and plain,
The husbands all were in a flame,
Ran all together in a crowd,
And fell revenge, that instant, vow'd.
Some swore they'd hang up ev'ry brother,
But drowning better pleas'd another;
While many thought it right and fit
To cut each friar bit by bit:
Burning at last one hit upon,
Which hugely pleas'd th'applauding throng;
And all were to the convent hying
To purge with fire a sin so crying.

A bishop, hearing of the rout,
To save the brotherhood turn'd out
With his attendants in great state,
And met them at the convent-gate:

F

How

How he came there some authors say
 Is that he chanc'd to be that way;
 Some providentially he came
 To save the brethren from the flame.

What means, he cries, this madness great,
 Which you'll repent, when 'tis too late?
 Whoe'er persists in deed so foul,
 But lights a fire for his own foul;
 In hostile way to touch that gate
 Is, surely, profanation great.
 Then, what a sin to burn a friar!
 To set a vessel choice on fire!
 For, though all's true that is related,
 The priesthood still remains most sacred;
 That character* can't out be blotted,
 Though e'er so much bedaub'd and spotted;

And

* The indelible character.

And whether they do ill or well,
Theirs are the keys of heav'n and hell.
Omnipotence hath long thought fit
To bless none but with their permit ;
Immortal bliss can't now bestow,
But wisely lodg'd that gift below,
A donative to us, the church,
Who never can have power too much.
That lower orders should have claim
To judge the high'r, who dares maintain ?
And, spite of all the wicked say can,
A priest's above a king that's lay-man ;
For priests for ever are divine,
Princes but when the priests incline.
That priests are greater is no wonder,
To whom the angels* must knock under !

F 2

Where-

* A doctrine preached by several eminent divines of the
Romish Church, by reason of the power they claim to for-
give

Wherefore as you regard falvation,
Leave me to act, it is my station :
Priests should be judg'd by priests alone,
And, when the case is fully known,
I shall allot them penance fit ;
No more, but instantly submit.

All dreaded excommunication,
Which leaves no room to hope falvation ;
And so the crowd straight wheel'd about,
Left he from heaven should shut them out.

The bishop on consideration,
Oblig'd the monks to quit their station,
Dispers'd them into convents others,
All to be punish'd by their brothers.

The

give sins, and of turning a wafer into the deity ; which doctrines if true, as the angels never pretended any such power, I think very justly gives the priests the superiority.

The wives, to set all matters right,
Were ever ready day or night,
Willing, if what they spar'd was sin,
To more than make it up ag'in ;
And, all, to shew they were sincere,
Kept such a work with life and dear,
That, though the husbands made a rout,
And got the brothers all turn'd out,
Yet some abating of their flame,
Full often wish'd them back again ;
Could of their wives have spar'd a part ;
Others the whole with all their heart.
Pleasures we can't go on at ease in
Create disgust, and soon grow teasing.

THE
HYMN OR PRAYER
TO
ST. JULIAN.

SOME think that magic words have charms
To keep you from all sorts of harms ;
Others to relics are inclin'd,
And many think, as you will find,
A prayer may hit so pat some saint,
Be twist'd, turn'd so very quaint,
That straight he gives you his protection ;
At once, without the least reflection,

He

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 71

He does your work without a pause,
Nor heeds the merits of the cause :
While others think there's no such thing,
And value not a saint a pin ;
In relics, spells, will put no trust,
And I think their opinion just.
But certain words oft with the fair
Will do your business to a hair ;
Their force in th'affairs of love,
Full many from experience prove ;
I own I then approve their use,
Convinc'd what wonders they produce.
However, here's a tale, 'tis true,
That shows at other times they'll do.

It happen'd, at a certain time,
Renaud of Ast on some design

72 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

To Castle-William took his rout,
And Lord knows how it came about,
But on the road he join'd three men,
Who bow'd to him, and he to them ;
And, after compliments were past,
Which were too violent to last,
They all together travell'd on,
To make the way not seem so long.
Together in discourse they join,
As folks are wont to murder time ;
An enemy like him to maul,
Seems the delight of great and small.
No wonder he is used so ill,
Who flies incessantly to kill,
Who mows down ev'ry earthly thing,
Makes all as though it ne'er had been ;
Confounds all orders, titles, place,
And ranks a footman with his grace.

They

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 73

They first began upon the weather,
And brought all past remarks together
Of heat or cold, or wet or dry,
Or some appearance in the sky;
Of hail or snow, or when it thunder'd,
That every living creature wonder'd,
And each had in it something more
Than in the world was known before;
With Solomon could not agree,
That what has been is what shall be.
Then gangs of robbers were so strong,
They wonder'd what the king thought on;
They note each grievance in the nation,
Point out what's right for every station;
And all seem'd fit to give advice
Suiting to all occasions nice;
Their honesty none could mistrust,
They spoke so very fair and just.

The

74 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

The three, when much discourse had past,
Began on spells and charms at last;
Of mighty wonders they could do,
Gave many instances they knew,
That words and characters more sure
Were often found to work a cure,
Than all the doctors with their knowledge,
And all the latin of the college.
Renaud affords attention due,
When once address'd him, what say you?
Have you no charm, no secret power,
To guard you in an evil hour,
In ev'ry danger a resource,
To break of threatening storms the force?
Why, truly, it must be confess'd,
He answer'd, I'm but little vers'd
In any knowledge of that kind,
To which I've never turn'd my mind;

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 75

I go in the old beaten way,
But, in regard to what you say,
I needs must own each morning when,
Upon the road to St. Julian,
I've said a certain hymn or prayer,
I always meet, at night, good chear.
I never knew it once deceive me,
As heav'n's my judge, you may believe me;
And if at any time I've fail'd,
My evil genius has prevail'd,
I've met some cause of discontent,
And found good reason to repent.
One of the three cry'd, tell me, pray,
If you have said it, Sir, to-day?
Renaud assur'd him that he had,
And should be to neglect it mad;
When straight the other made reply,
I'll hold you any sum that I,

To

76 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

To show your notion but a jest,
This very night shall fare the best.
The night was coming on apace,
And they were in a lonely place,
Just at the entrance of a wood,
Which had, indeed, no aspect good ;
The wind was piercing and severe,
The inn yet very far from near,
When, still the other running on,
I'll bet the horse that you're upon,
Your purse, your cloaths, and all, he cry'd,
That better luck shall me betide ;
I'll have, this night, a better inn
Than you, for all your boasted hymn,
Poor Renaud to discern was able
His horse must have another stable,
When one, with pistol cock'd in hand,
Bid him, that very instant, stand,

And

And us'd that magic word, deliver,
So famed for making hearts to quiver.
In short, the three fell all upon him,
And left our trav'ler nothing on him,
Except his breeches and his shirt,
To keep him from the cold and dirt ;
When for a guide not one would stay,
But each rode off a diff'rent way,
Were, in an instant, out of sight,
And Renaud left in dismal plight,
Benighted, stripp'd ; the north wind blew
Full in his face, and pierc'd him through :
He thought the robber in the right,
That he should fare but ill to-night ;
Thought that his saint had quite forgot him,
And, if he trusts him more, then rot him.

His

78 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

His servant, like the rest inclin'd,
On some pretence had lagg'd behind,
But saw, at distance, this disaster,
And never look'd about him after,
But gallop'd off another way,
And reach'd the inn, where snug he lay,
Persuaded it was rightly done
To take good care, at least, of one.
The master, starv'd with cold, bemir'd,
And almost breathless, spent, and tir'd,
And wailing of his piteous case;
The snow came driving in his face,
While ev'ry hope of life was fled;
He envy'd those already dead,
And thought, to one in his sad case,
A grave a comfortable place.

The

The fates, for all their boasted cares,
But make a sport of our affairs,
Ordain us, far beyond all measure,
To good or bad, as suits their pleasure ;
There is no joke in a dull mean,
Which must exist in some extreme.
Poor Renaud, almost starv'd and dead,
Confirms the truth of what I've said,
Who chanc'd, an hour after night,
To spy, some distance off, a light :
He thought no star did ever shine
With any lustre so divine.
Unto the house he made up strait,
Stood cold and shiv'ring at the gate,
And knock'd and made a dismal moan,
That would have pierc'd a very stone.
Within there liv'd a widow fair,
Who was esteem'd a beauty rare :

80 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

A marquis, dwelling near the place,
Who kept the appearance up of grace,
In private here, he indulg'd his flame,
None but a page knew when he came.
To a back-door a master-key
Gave him admittance privately ;
He saw the dame, when he thought fit,
And never spoke one word of it ;
A thing most wonderful to me,
Silence not suiting a marquis.
To them intrigues are'nt worth a pin,
Unless they make the whole town ring ;
Nor in the thing such pleasure take,
As in the mighty noise 'twill make ;
Their happiness is all without 'em,
Depends on others thoughts about 'em.
How many lead the lives they hate,
Are really mean to seem but great ;

Submit

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 81

Submit to what they most detest,
To be but in appearance blest ?

Madam expected him this night,
For his reception all was right ;
The chamber set in order neat,
The finest wines prepar'd, and meat,
With soups restorative, that prove
Of mighty use to dying love ;
That can renew th' expiring flame,
And make us love and love again ;
For happy lovers all design'd,
But poison when the fair's unkind.

The dame was languishing alone,
Prepar'd for all that was to come,
When, by the page the marquis sent,
She was inform'd some accident

G

Had

82 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

Had hinder'd him to wait upon her,
Which griev'd him much, upon his honour :
She could not take it in good part,
But yet it did not break her heart.

All this had happen'd just before
Renaud stood knocking at the door,
When Madam's servant, tender-hearted,
The matter to the dame imparted ;
Told her the man would surely die,
Unless admitted instantly.
The mistress bid her let him in,
For cruelty she held a sin;
With straw well dry'd to make a bed,
On what they left he might be fed ;
Had it not been for this decree,
He must have dy'd, that all agree.

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 83

As soon as Renaud was admitted,
Himself he like a man acquitted,
And made what compliments he ow'd
To the civility they show'd:
That he should, to his latest breath,
Own they had rescued him from death,
Who very nearly had o'erpow'r'd him,
And must have very soon devour'd him.

The dame had more compassion for him,
The moment that she look'd upon him;
And, as he told his story o'er,
Found herself melting, more, and more.
A gentleman, in such distress,
Can't be suppos'd to merit less;
Besides, his person was well made,
A grace appear'd in all he said.

84 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

That he was not, all seem'd to prove,
A novice in th' affairs of love ;
And circumstances thus material,
About her melting so, may clear all :
Howe'er, a blush o'erspread his face,
To find himself in such a case ;
Though love is naked, yet he's clean ;
By all accounts that I have seen.

The dame, compassionate and kind,
A bath for her prepar'd resign'd
To Renaud, who was all complying :
Who'd stand in such a case denying.
She recollects too there were left,
Of her dear man's, of life bereft,
Some clothes that would exactly hit him,
For, by his size, she's sure they'd fit him ;

And,

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 85

And, when the bath had clean'd, refresh'd him,
The servant first perfum'd, then dress'd him.
He waits on Madam trim and neat,
Appears a chevalier compleat ;
His compliments were made so clean,
The gentleman was plainly seen :
And supper's serv'd ; for whom design'd,
Ne'er enters once in Renaud's mind ;
But, soon as it was set on table,
He eat as fast as he was able,
Freely indulg'd his appetite,
Which needed not a whet that night.

The dame to eat wa'n't much inclin'd,
Something had taken up her mind ;
Her eyes oft rais'd to take a view,
From whence a killing brightness flew ;

86 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

Whene'er his chanc'd to meet their ray,
Would, conscious, turn another way.
The humid lustre seem'd t' explain
What language would attempt in vain;
The pow'r of words would be too faint
Th' expression of her eyes to paint;
And Renaud could discover, plain,
His faint was not address'd in vain.

Th' expected marquis rais'd a flame,
Perhaps, not settled soon again;
Or whether Renaud's air and mien,
Or something of which we don't dream,
I cannot say, had touch'd her heart,
But love was playing there his part.
She thought there was not the least harm in
Indulging of a flame so charming;

That

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 27

That they were private, all alone,
So what they did could not be known;
And what remains unknown's all one,
As though it never had been done,
Besides the justice of it too,
For it was to the marquis due.
That eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
Is right, we learn from sacred truth;
And man for man, and sin for sin,
She held exactly the same thing;
And this, by all she could discover,
Was ev'ry bit as good as t'other.

The cloth remov'd, the servant gone,
Renaud was with the dame alone;
Her dress, contriv'd to fan love's fire,
To kindle up the fierce desire,

87 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN:

Was plain, but ev'ry part compleat,
And all was elegantly neat.
No pomp appear'd, or richness rare,
But all was that's becoming there ;
Something with which, at once, we're seiz'd,
And, without knowing why, are pleas'd.
Through all her shape, some nameless grace,
Conspired with her lovely face
To make her be ador'd and lov'd ;
A marble statue had been mov'd,
Then think, if Renaud could remain
Untouch'd, nor feel love's pow'rful flame,
Who, from the parts that were reveal'd,
Could guess what beauties were conceal'd ;
Of which he long'd to take possession,
And sought to give his thoughts expression,
When madam kindly paves the way,
Looks on him, and begins to say ;

You

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 89

You bring to mind my husband dead,
For whom full many a tear I've shed;
There's something of him I can trace
In ev'ry feature of your face,
Some near resemblance in each line
Of the dear man I once call'd mine.

I'm blest'd, he answer'd straight the dame,
Beyond all hopes that I could frame,
That I the least resemblance bear
To any one whom you held dear;
But, should I try your like to find,
In vain I'd search through woman-kind.
'Till now the sun did never shine
On one so perfectly divine:
To count your ev'ry beauty o'er
Would take till time shall be no more;

And

90 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

And fate to me has only lent
One night, which may be better spent.

The lady, smiling, feigns surprize ;
The truth of all he says denies :
She could not merit half that praise,
But men will flatter now-a-days ;
Denies but to be prais'd the more ;
The sex have done it o'er and o'er.

Renaud replies her beauty's such,
It never can be prais'd too much ;
I feel, he cries, it's wond'rous pow'r,
Or may I never live an hour.
From one extreme to t'other run,
I froze but now, and now I burn ;
By you reviv'd, from death I rise ;
And shall I perish by those eyes ?

Can

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 91

Can you their heavenly beams employ
The life you've given to destroy ?

Silent, her eyes fix'd on the ground,
The loves and graces playing round,
Her charms more strongly strike the view,
As if on praise fresh beauties grew,
Or silence had a sweetness found
Beyond all harmony of sound :
She look'd just so, that Renaud straight
Perceiv'd 'twas wasting time to prate ;
And time in war or love, 'tis plain,
Once lost, is ne'er recall'd again :
He push'd directly home th'affair,
Those seldom fail who bravely dare.

The dame could not, indeed, comply,
But, quite astonish'd, cry'd, O fie !

And

92 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

And begg'd and pray'd he'd give it o'er,
And think of such a thing no more ;
Protests, and made resistance such,
Just not too little or too much ;
Such as each woman makes, 'tis said,
Who is, or who is not, a maid.
But, spite of all that she could say,
Renaud was bent, to have his way :
And all she urg'd, on course, must fail,
When no persuasion will prevail ;
For some will never be said no,
And then how oddly things must go.
She thought he was not such a man ;
Cries, Lord ! I wonder how you can !
Then yields, o'ercome, a melting kiss,
And sighs—there-is-no-bearing this :
But Renaud's joy what words can paint,
Who bless'd the kind propitious saint,

Who

The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN. 93

Who feels each rapture in full height,
And all the killing fierce delight !

The time expir'd for denying,
The dame grew wond'rouly complying ;
No woman, with a grain of wit,
But knows exactly when 'tis fit.
She kindly owns a kiss was due,
For the bad way he travell'd through ;
To give another was content,
For all the cold he underwent ;
Then for the rogues, and for the fright,
And ev'ry evil pass'd that night,
Who would not, thus to quit the score,
Have gladly suffer'd as much more.

But when the sex are enter'd in,
To grant a favour once begin,

They

94 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

They will repeat it o'er and o'er,
And give all you can wish and more:
So Madam took it in her head,
As now 'twas time to go to bed,
That she had part of hers to spare,
And Renaud would be better there.
Truly, his suff'rings had been such,
She could not make of him too much;
'Twas charity oblig'd her to it,
None could have feeling, and not do it.
In bed, press'd to her lovely breast,
Again endear'd, again carefs'd,
Each evil was effac'd again,
By the kind tender-hearted dame,
Who felt, like all who're well inclin'd,
Much satisfaction in her mind:
And made him promise, the next day,
To see her, when he came that way;

Conjur'd

Conjur'd him, by his faith and honour,
Oft as he could, to call upon her :
But privately to shun all view
She begg'd him least the Marquis knew ;
She likewise furnish'd him with money,
Sufficient to pursue his journey.

Renaud set out, soon reach'd the inn,
And found his man, and cudgell'd him ;
Then chang'd his cloaths, as all, he found,
Was in his cloak-bag, safe and found.
The rogues (see how it happen'd pat !
The faint, sweet soul, took care of that)
He heard were taken that same day,
When to the judge he hastes away,
Had all he lost, upon demand ;
The rogues were try'd, condemn'd, and hang'd ;
They

96 The Hymn or Prayer to St. JULIAN.

They all were penitent and forry
To come to end so melancholy,
An end so many thousands drive at,
Yet all unwillingly arrive at;
From this all things we plainly see,
With their appearance don't agree.
Poor Renaud, robb'd, stripp'd to the skin,
Whose life you'd thought not worth a pin,
Meets with, when ready to despair,
A lovely widow, young and fair,
Who might content her beauty such,
The daintiest prelate of the church;
Recovers money, clothes and horse,
And things went but to bless him cross;
And, thanks to the good saint, he got
One night, which cost him not a jot.

THE

THE
MARRIAGE
OF
BALPHEGOR.

NAY now, I'll swear, friend, you are mad:
This tale is monstrous, horrid, bad,
From one to t'other end a lye,
That one may see with half an eye.
The Ephesian Matron's nought to this,
Which tops on ev'ry thing amiss:
That you should take it in your head
The Devil should, of all things wed!

H

I

98 The MARRIAGE of BALPHEGOR.

I know you're ready to reply,
That Satan had a mind to try,
If the reports he heard were true,
And sift the matter through and through :
Though this is all but farce and sham
Appears, at first sight, a mere bam,
As if the devil nothing knew
Of all the ways the sex pursue !
He who, in envy to the fair,
Has made it his peculiar care
To haunt and watch them night and day,
So often leads them his own way ;
When he beholds them heav'nly fair,
Of the creation work most rare,
The charms adorning ev'ry face,
Each actions, look's, peculiar grace,
Incens'd he cannot bear the sight,
Still doom'd to act in our despite ;

Thinks

Thinks paradise was lost in vain,
In lovely woman found again !

He therefore plagues the pretty creatures,
Quite turns their heads, and spoils their features.
In ladies all devour'd with spleen
Is not the devil plainly seen ?
And who could think a tender fair
Should, all transported, storm and stare,
Her charms all fled, and ev'ry grace,
And all the fury in her face ?
One is, without one reason giving,
The most unhappy creature living !
Another's whole delight's in strife,
Yet vows there's not a better wife !
And this, affectedly sedate,
Does ev'ry earthly thing you hate !

Now women, all the world agree,
 Have readier parts by much than we ;
 And can you think, if they weren't bit,
 They'd act against all sense and wit ?
 Would yonder stars, that shine so bright,
 Themselves put out their radiant light,
 Extinguish all their wond'rous glory ?
 Come, Sir, 'tis but an idle story.
 Women would diff'rent be, that's clear,
 Were not the devil always near ;
 Therefore your tale is senseless stuff :
 Without being wed, he knows enough
 Of all their actions, by your leave,
 From present times, to mother Eve ;
 If you think not, I shall deplore
 Your madness, but will say no more.

Why,

The MARRIAGE OF BALPHEGOR. 101

Why, Sir, I own in what you say
Something like truth observe we may :
But this same tale is well attested :
Farmer Matheo oft protested,
That ev'ry word of it was true,
And fairly gave the devil his due ;
Told how he punctual kept his word,
And left his mansion, time the third.
Besides, had I a mind to quote,
I'd tell you Authors of great note,
In French, Italian, who before
Have vouch'd this story o'er and o'er.
Now what so many verify
To question's infidelity ;
But only calmly hear it out,
You'll see, if you have room to doubt :
Satan, who rules the realms below,
The king of misery and woe,

102 The MARRIAGE of BALPHEGOR.

For want of something else to do,
Like gen'als, order'd a review,
Designing by this raree show,
To find what brought such crowds below ;
And, having ask'd of small and great,
The cry ran on the married state ;
Condition bad, the truth to tell,
That ends so gen'rally in hell.

The devil call'd a council straight,
Thinking the matter of great weight ;
And one and all gave their opinions,
'Twas a fine thing for his dominions ;
And that to earth some devil should go,
And see, if it were really so.
Balphegor, subtle, close, and wise,
And full all o'er of ears and eyes,

Was

Was by the univerfal bent
Chose on this errand to be fent ;
But under penalty fevere,
Not to return for full ten year :
To dwell on earth, and be a man,
And manage, the beft way he can ;
Go through the ufual fcenes of life,
Try what it was to have a wife.
Bills of exchange they gave him many,
Sufficient for occafions any,
That, if he manag'd right, in plenty
He might have liv'd for years full twenty.

Thus, all things fettl'd and agreed,
He hies to earth, with all his fpeed ;
Pafs'd, at a bound, the realms of night,
And, in an instant, reach'd the light ;

104 The MARRIAGE OF BALTHEGOR.

Picks up a carcase suiting nice,
And animates it in a trice.

At Florence city, of great fame,
He settled, Roderic his name;
Had equipage for pomp and show,
And, in his dress, a perfect beau.
Sweet flatt'ry issued from his tongue,
Whene'er he spoke, a heart was won;
Attention from each ear he drew,
And all believ'd he hit them true,
While they had merits to their mind,
Which none, but he and they, could find.

The fair ones all their glances threw,
Try'd all the ways the sex pursue,
With dress and ev'ry female art,
To conquer and enslave his heart :

There

There was not one, though e'er so coy,
To gain him, but had leap'd for joy.
'Tis not the fashion to say nay,
When gold has smooth'd and pav'd the way;
The primum mobile below
Says, let this be, and it is so;
That can alone supply the place
Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace!

Two registers Balphegor had
For marriages, the good and bad:
The last had in it many a score;
So full he could set down no more;
While in the first so few were nam'd,
The very devil was aham'd!
He therefore was resolv'd to try,
Himself, the knot none can untie,

And

106 The MARRIAGE of BALPHEGOR.

And thought, the common road forsaken,
He'd not, like others, be mistaken,
And find, instead of raptures great,
Eternal strife and loud debate.

He pitch'd upon a girl of fame,
Honest a was the fair one's name ;
Her shape, her features, and her air,
Excell'd all that was counted rare ;
No sort of vice but seem'd her scorn,
Well educated, nobly born.
There was no money in the case,
But then her birth supply'd it's place ;
Birth that with wealth will make alliance,
Yet bids to all things else defiance ;
On wisdom, virtue, much inferior,
Nobility looks down superior !

Bal-

Balphegor could not hesitate,
Impatient for the married state;
But to the parents straight apply'd,
And begg'd their daughter for a bride.
The parents told of offers many,
Though yet they had not fix'd on any;
That they would think upon th' affair;
Mean time he should be welcome there;
And, if Honesta could be won,
Believ'd objections they'd have none.

The devil, having gained admission,
Did like a man in his condition:
Gave balls, and masquerades, and treats,
Regal'd with finest wines and meats;
And, that in form things should be done,
Consum'd a portion for a son:

No

108 The MARRIAGE of BAlPHEGOR.

No wonder marriage should prove bad,
When every step to it is mad.

But, after many prayers and sighs,
And what were yet were not replies,
That Yes or No direct don't say,
But may be taken either way,
The lady yields to be a wife,
Though she preferr'd a single life ;
Heav'n knows she had no thoughts that way,
But from her youth train'd to obey.
Her parents lik'd him for a son,
She'd not dispute what they'd have done :
Such innocence, so sweet an air,
In ev'ry word and act appear,
The de'il forgot all former pain,
And thought himself in heav'n again !

He

He found divine amazing blifs,
And Nector flowing from each kifs !

But something yet remain'd to do,
That's thought effential to go through ;
A not'ry for that end was got,
To fign and feal, and lord knows what !
The devil could not help but fmile,
And in his fleeve laugh'd all the while :
Mankind, unto himfelf did fay,
The right road left, have loft their way ;
Nought here of any ufe can prove,
But mutual faith and mutual love.

The devil, furely, reafon'd right,
And we've miftook the matter quite :
Contracts are food but for debate,
A door to let in noife and hate,

110 The MARRIAGE of BALPHEGOR.

A bane and curse can only prove,
Where all depends alone on love ;
All from the heart must freely flow,
The rest is farce and empty show.

Something in creatures most we view
Averse to what they're bound to do ;
Yet fools, relying on the tie,
Think that alone can all supply ;
To touch the soul forget the way,
Regardless what they do or say :
But pow'rful love acts diff'rent quite,
His study all to give delight ;
Tries ev'ry soft endearing art
To reach and to secure the heart ;
But to this point enough we've said ;
Let's see how the poor devil sped.

Madam

The MARRIAGE of BALPHEGOR. III

Madam now wed, and carried home,
Her voice had soon another tone ;
The sweetness gone, and strangely shrill,
She often shriek'd aloud, I will :
She was resolv'd to have her way,
And wonder'd at the word *obey*,
To matrimony foisted in ;
Vow'd she repeated no such thing ;
If he was master, she was mistress,
And that, in rank, was not a bit less.

She knew no reason men should hector,
And read the husband many a lecture ;
A jargon so to madness leaning,
The devil could not guess her meaning ;
The subject matter of debate
Could never enter once her pate ;

Ev'ry

112 The MARRIAGE of BAlPHEGOR.

Ev'ry thing foreign driving at,
She never stumbl'd once on that :
There was no way to fet her right,
Flown past the reach of meaning quite ;
Had principles, as follows, stated,
On no account to be debated,
As orthodox in ev'ry part,
Innate and graven on her heart.

She held it spoil'd a lady's air
To make her family her care :
That women might, that pleas'd, be fools,
But none for her should lay down rules ;
And, truly, women of discretion
Were not from men to learn their lesson ;
That men thought they had all the wit,
Seldom allow'd their wives a bit ;

But

But she was sure, say what they would,
 That women's parts were full as good :
 That men's were often dull and heavy,
 But all must own that their's were ready :
 That husbands, 'twas as clear as day,
 If kind, would give their wives their way,
 Because that wives must be in pain,
 If they can't have their wills, is plain.

To grudge and tell her of expence,
 She held, was downright want of sense ;
 They must have things decent about them,
 'Twan't possible to do without them :
 That, in proportion to their dress,
 Ladies are finer, more or less ;
 And, of all horrid things, she'd shun
 To be in equipage outdone.

I

If

114 The MARRIAGE of BALTHEGOR.

If such a thing should e'er be said,
She never could hold up her head;
Believ'd it vastly to her merit,
That none could have a greater spirit;
That, if the spirit once is broke,
A wife is nothing but a joke.

The unhappy devil found, beside,
He was to all the fam'ly ty'd;
Plagu'd with the father and the mother,
Who sometimes one, and sometimes t'other,
To honour him by their behaviour,
Would deign t'accept of many a favour;
The little brother, or his tutor,
For something always was a suitor;
Teaz'd likewise with a prating sifter,
He curs'd her often, as he kiss'd her.

In

In short, the money flew so fast,
 He saw too plain it could not last,
 For half the time he was to stay,
 Running behind-hand ev'ry day :
 On traffic, straight, his thoughts he bent ;
 All seem'd to favour his intent ;
 At Florence seated, fam'd for trade,
 Where fortunes great were frequent made.
 In trade he thought he should excel,
 Esteem'd the subtlest fiend in hell ;
 But soon he found, for all his wit,
 And, though a devil, he was bit ;
 Oblig'd to own himself a chicken,
 To dealers, in the arts of tricking.
 When of his gains he sought th' amount,
 They made him out a fair account ;
 And, when he hop'd to be the better,
 Found ballance *contra* so much debtor.

116 The MARRIAGE of BALTHEGOR.

This, and the part Honesta acted,
 Made the poor devil just distracted;
 He begg'd she'd lessen her expences;
 She storm'd, was sure he'd lost his senses:
 No woman e'er made shift with less,
 What he meant by it she could not guess;
 A little trader thus to treat her!
 One of her rank by such a creature
 Thus to be us'd, sure, ne'er was known!
 Her virtue, all the world must own,
 'Was but too strict, heav'n knew her heart;
 Though authors don't confirm that part,
 But only tell us that a day
 Ne'er pass'd without some dismal fray.
 She'd comfort him, when things went cross,
 By aggravating ev'ry loss!
 Was there a thing the husband felt?
 'Twas that alone on which she dwelt,

Had

Had then a wond'rous flow of tongue,
And not a word but stabb'd and stung !
If nothing happen'd to repine at,
Invention none was e'er so fine at ;
Each thing affords a fresh dispute,
A petticoat, or a new suit !
The smallest thing, if out of fashion,
Was fuel great to flaming passion,
With ev'ry trifle whence debate
Springs up, and spoils the married state !

The devil wish'd his time was out,
And long'd to hell to take his rout ;
But, as his orders were to stay,
He would, if possible, obey :
But, hap what would, he'd quit his wife,
Not able thus to pass his life ;

118 The MARRIAGE of BALTHEGOR.

Yet waited first to get some pence,
 To furnish out a small expence,
 Sufficient just for cloaths and diet,
 In some snug part, where he'd live quiet,
 Two vessels soon were to return,
 In which he ventur'd his last sum;
 From them he hop'd to get some money,
 And then pursue th' intended journey:
 But, as misfortunes, 'tis well known,
 Are never found to come alone,
 'Twas not sufficient he was marry'd,
 But his last stake at sea miscarry'd.
 The news was spread all round about,
 And bailiffs run to scent him out;
 All in a dread, lest they should find him,
 He scour'd, and never look'd behind him,
 Till in the country, got quite clear,
 He spy'd a little farm-house near.

Matheo,

Matheo, farmer, own'd the place,
To whom the devil told his case,
Rehears'd him all the story o'er,
Each part, as I have done before.

Mat shook his head, was very sorry,
Swore that his case was melancholy,
And begg'd the house his own he'd make,
Till he resolv'd what way to take.
Why, Sir, I own you're very civil,
Reply'd the poor dejected devil;
But, if we all things rightly scan,
I must no longer be a man.
My money all consum'd and gone,
I've now nought left to live upon;
This carcass to you I'll resign,
And wish it never had been mine,

120 The MARRIAGE of BALTHAZOR.

T'apply as useful shall be found;
'Twill help you to manure the ground:
But, as a spirit, here I'll roam,
Till time permits me to go home;
Will enter some of female kind,
Admittance easy I shall find.
To me, as man, they were uncivil,
But I shall hit 'em, as a devil;
And, though to be bad guests we're fam'd,
I shall be kindly entertain'd;
The friends, indeed, will make a rout,
Give any price to get me out.
And therefore, for your love profess,
Three times, no more, at your request,
I'll quit my pest, a sum you'll gain,
And find I'm not oblig'd in vain:
The devil bid him then adieu,
And off, that very instant, flew,

And

And in a pet, an only daughter,
Found a good snug convenient quarter.
The thing was presently discern'd,
And all the neighbours were alarm'd;
Each soul cry'd out, as I'm a finner,
The devil certainly is in her.
Some at the thing were wonder all,
Others were not surpriz'd at all;
But Matthew came, and got a sum,
And, at a word, the work was done!
Two other females, as agreed,
O strange! were from the devil freed.

His promise now perform'd and o'er,
He fought to fix and change no more:
The king of Naples, at that time,
Had a fair daughter in her prime,

The

122 **The MARRIAGE of BALPHEGOR:**

The honour of her sex allow'd,
The wonder of the admiring crowd;
The neighb'ring princes made pretences,
To gain her almost lost their senses.
Balphegor sounds her disposition,
Saw all was right for his admission;
And, notwithstanding her high station,
Found in her a fit situation;
Resolv'd, it suited him so well,
To stay there, till he went to hell.

The king was just beside his wits,
So plagu'd with all her devil's tricks;
And sought a cure, both far and near,
When fam'd Matheo reach'd his ear:
He sent, without the least delay,
Some messengers, that very day,

Who

Who forc'd him, much against his will,
To go to Court and try his skill,

When there, he made excuses many,
Though they would not accept of any ;
In vain he cry'd he nothing knew,
A poor weak wretch, what could he do ?
If he had cast a devil out,
It must be wholly chance, no doubt :
That notwithstanding what some say,
'Tis hard to drive the devil away,
When he has taken a firm hold
Of any female, young or old,

The King, displeas'd at this harangue,
Believing all he said a sham,
And that in one so fam'd for skill,
Nought could be wanting but the will,

To

124 The MARRIAGE of BALTHEGOR.

To cure her promis'd a large sum,
But certain death, if it wa'n't done.

The dread of death and hopes of gain
Made him resolve a point to strain,
And hope the de'il, so kind before,
Would not refuse one favour more :
He softly whisper'd in his Ear,
And only begg'd once more he'd hear.

The devil laugh'd full in his face,
And swore he would not budge an ace ;
To ask him more than was agreed,
He must be a damn'd rogue, indeed ;
And, though in tears Mat begg'd and pray'd,
He made a mock of all he said.
Mat, finding all he did a jest,
Told them, that he had done his best,

Try'd

Try'd all he could to make him civil,
But had no int'rest with this devil :
The king, enrag'd, gave orders, straight,
To hang him at the palace gate.

But when Mat gave himself for dead,
A lucky thought came in his head :
He begs a little longer stay,
Whisper'd he'd try another way,
Desir'd that some might, instant, run,
And get immediately a drum,
And shrieking cat-calls near a score,
And set the house in an uproar ;
When, just as they were ent'ring in,
The devil started at the din,
Cry'd Mat, you rogue, what's this I hear ?
-Honest, Sir, is just got here ;

Resolv'd

126 The MARRIAGE of BALTHAZOR.

Resolv'd her lawful spouse to claim,
She's coming up all in a flame.
The bite succeeded wond'rous well,
The de'il that instant flew to hell ;
Struck with a sudden fear and dread,
Without reflecting once, he fled.
How he came off, I cannot say,
So few return who go that way ;
But sure no devil could have the face
Not to commiserate his sad case.

A N A

A N A C R E O N T I C.

ONE night, repos'd at ease in bed,
 No care or trouble in my head,
 In pleasing sleep, quite buried o'er,
 A knocking wak'd me at the door :
 I heard, attentive to the noise,
 A voice that seem'd to be a boy's.
 The storm, that night, and rain was such,
 The child must suffer very much :
 He cry'd, O let me enter here,
 I'm naked, and no shelter near.

I, who think cruelty a sin,
 Straight op'd the door, and let him in ;

Inquir'd

Inquir'd of him, whence he came,
How he got there, and what his name?
He said, he'd tell me by and by,
But first desir'd he might get dry:
The fire I light, and down he set,
Observing if a bow was wet,
And quiver, which he, graceful, bore,
That held of pointed shafts a store;
Which put me in some sort of fear;
Yet to the infant I drew near,
And took his hands in mine to warm,
And wonder'd I should think of harm.
As I said, unto myself I said,
From a poor child what can I dread?
It must be cowardice downright:
An infant put me in a fright!
An infant of such tender years,
In whom such innocence appears;

Whose

Whose form, so lovely to the Sight,
Can but be made to give delight !
How great, alas ! has been my fear,
If Polyphemus had come here ?

While thus I thought my dread a shame,
And all my apprehensions vain,
The infant, with a sprightly air,
Toss'd back his lovely flowing hair ;
And, as I heedless gazing stand,
A shaft, cull'd by his dextrous hand,
He fix'd ; when straight the bow he drew,
Like light the fatal arrow flew.
Full deep it sunk into my heart,
I felt, alas ! the raging smart :
There's for your pains ; remember well,
He cry'd, what charms in Duncan dwell ;
And think on me ; my name is Love,
Soul of the earth and realms above !

K

Alas !

Alas ! said I, too well I know
 You most unkind to use me so !
 Ah ! barb'rous and ungrateful boy,
 Your friend thus cruel to destroy !

The wanton archer made a bound,
 My bow, he cry'd, is safe and sound ;
 But let me tell you, for your part,
 The wound his deep within your heart.

*A TRANSLATION, an IMITATION,
or a whatever the good-natured
Town shall be pleased to think it,
of the First SATIRE and First
EPISTLE of HORACE.*

First SATIRE of HORACE.

MEcænas, say what cause can be assign'd,
For all the various changes of the mind?
Why are we always with ourselves at strife,
Ne'er like the part we have to act in life?
Though reason, choice, or chance points out the
Averse and with reluctance we obey. [way,

The soldier broke with labour and with years,
Envies the course the happy merchant steers:

The merchant, when the stormy winds arise,
And the black raging tempest furious flies,
Repines a soldier's life was not his fate,
Whom sudden death, or joyful vict'ry, wait :
The hurry'd citizen, with business prest,
Sighs for the country's solitude and rest.
To change the scene what would the farmer give,
Who thinks 'tis but in towns alone we live !
'Twould tire the prating Balbus to relate
The number of examples, 'tis so great.

And yet, should Jove, indulgent, bid them go
Change each his lot for that he envy'd so,
Among the num'rous and repining crowd,
Not one would use the liberty allow'd !
Genius, or custom, still commands their stay,
Compels them, though unwilling, to obey ;

So

So little know we what to seek or shun,
That shou'd Jove grant our wishes, we're undone;
Unfix'd, and wanting something, we go on,
Till life, ere we can find out what, is gone.

Yet all pretend the end of all their cares
Is a provision, when they're grown in years,
That they may, free from hurry, noise and strife,
And void of care, pass the remains of life;
Like the laborious ant, a pattern rare,
Who to increase her heap, seeks far and near;
Wisely providing for the time to come,
She drags, incessant, the vast grain along.
The ant, indeed, when winter clouds the skies,
And sudden tempests oft impetuous rise,
Wisely enjoys what she laid up before,
Nor dares the storm, while there's enough for
more :

But Man, who acts not with a settled view ;
Who, when to hoard, when to enjoy, ne'er
knew,
Nor scorching suns nor winter's rage can stay,
Through flame and pointed steel he makes his
way ;
By no necessity hard press'd or bound ;
But lest another should be richer found !
Fool ! to what purpose serves thy hoard of
wealth,
The hidden mass, not buried for thyself ?
To him who only lays it up in store,
A tim'rous guardian of the shining ore,
What profit from the mass untouch'd can spring,
If not a curse at best, an useless thing ?
What though thy num'rous acres know no
bound,
And stores of grain encompass thee around,
Thy

Thy stomach shall digest than mine no more,
But one small part of all the monstrous store!
Nature, who wisely of the whole takes care,
Has fix'd for ev'ry man a certain share;
To fill thy magazines each hour employ,
All, but that portion, others must enjoy;
A hundred or a thousand acres, fool!
To him's the same who lives by nature's rule.
But O! 'tis sweet from rising heaps to take!
My little stock yields me supplies as great:
To fill one's cup, is, surely, the same thing,
Though you dip in a river, I a spring.
Besides, your danger is far greater there,
The slipp'ry bank deceives you unaware;
The stream impetuous hurries you away,
Your forfeit life must for your folly pay;
While I, who from the little take my share,
The waters undisturb'd, have nought to fear.

No slime, or mud, defiles the chrystal spring,
 Or torrents threaten from its verdant brim :
 But man, whom passion and not reason guides,
 In whom each folly in its turn presides,
 Believes that riches alter quite his state,
 And thinks he grows in their proportion great;
 A fool like this should full permission have
 To be, since 'tis his choice, an abject slave !

A sordid miser, once at Athens known,
 Would say, when hooted through the loathing
 town,

The people mock, but I applaud myself,
 When, snug at home, I view my treasur'd self.

Tantalus, thirsting, sees, yet never sips,
 The water rising to his very lips !

What

What means this laugh? Change names, and
thou art he,

Doom'd never to enjoy the wealth you see.

Though bags on bags encompass thee about

Which trembling for, you watch the night
throughout,

To thee it only is a painted store,

A picture just to gaze at, and no more!

The wealth of others is as much thy own,

Thou fool! to whom its use is quite unknown,

Design'd what nature asks for to supply,

And feels the want of, if hard fate deny.

Is this the good in which thy soul delights,
Trembling and pale to watch whole days and
nights,

Lest fire, servants, thieves invade thy store?

In these great blessings let me still be poor!

Suppose

Suppose disease, or any ails invade,
 Who shall attend and give thee needful aid ?
 Who'll be concern'd or strive to save thy life,
 Detested by thy children, and thy wife,
 By ev'ry boy, and girl, and neighbour near,
 To whom can such a fordid slave be dear ?
 When money you prefer to all mankind,
 Hate, in return, and just contempt you'll find :
 Relations, friends, that nature does bestow,
 If you neglect them, are no longer so ;
 In vain he must expect a friend to find,
 Whose views are ever to himself inclin'd.
 But be advis'd, and make an end, at last,
 Of heaping up, and reap thy labours past ;
 Learn, in proportion as thy wealth is great,
 To dread the less that want should be thy fate.
 Think that Umidius, after all his care,
 Of all life's comforts destitute and bare,

In

In wealth abounding, always heaping more,
And yet in want, and miserably poor,
Fell, at the last, to daring hands a prey,
Who took his life and dearer gold away!

What must I do? you instantly reply;
With Moenius, Nomentanus, must I vie?
Fool! can'st thou not discern a certain mean?
Must wretched man be ever in extream,
Must dread the fruits of all his pains to taste,
Or all his substance in profusion waste?
Nature points out to all that we pursue
A golden mean, a path that leads us true;
Swerve but from that, we err, bewilder'd quite,
On either side we are no longer right.

But, to return to what I first maintain'd;
Man never likes the lot he has obtain'd:

The

The Miser thus repines amidst his store,
Restless, because another man has more;
Envies the other's lot and happiness,
Nor thinks on all the thousands who have less.
A richer still is always in his way,
Whom to surpass he labours night and day;
As in the rapid race the charioteer
Contemns the hindmost lagging in the rear;
But to surpass the first bends all his force,
And lashes furious o'er the dusty course.

It is from this so few, of all degrees,
E'er know the comforts of a mind at ease,
Or, satisfy'd, with nature's bounty bless'd,
Contented, lay down life, and take their rest;
But now I'll say no more, lest I offend,
Like Lippus tedious, scribbling without end.

FIRST

EPISTLE OF HORACE.

MEcænas, ever subject of my song,
 Why will you urge me, spent and wea-
 ry'd, on?

My age and spirits are no more the same,
 No more in raptures feel the kindling flame;
 Veianus, now retir'd, the fight gives o'er,
 And seeks the daring combat now no more.
 Something informs me 'tis no longer time
 For me the muses airy heights to climb,
 Or to pursue, where'er they lead the way,
 Through shady groves, or flow'ry meadows, stray;

Left

Left, at the last, I fail with baffled force,
Left panting, breathless, distanc'd in the course.

Reason my guide, no more I take my flight,
Ty'd down alone to search what's just and right;
Slave to no sect, from all I take a part,
Cull all that's good, and helps to mend the heart;
And, firm to virtue only, can submit,
Or not, to things, as reason judges fit.

As two fond lovers languish and repine,
Think one day's absence an whole age of time;
Or youths, in charge of mothers most severe,
Sigh to get free, and think an hour a year;
So heavy, tedious, seems to me the time,
That interrupts, breaks in on my design,
Wholly intent that only to pursue,
Which yields alone a bliss sincere and true;

The

The rich, the poor, all ages it supplies
With solid joy, which, if that's wanting, dies.

On wisdom's pleasing paths I've fix'd my view,
With all my force her beauteous tracks pursue;
Though with the lynx I can't contend in sight,
Far as I can to see, is, surely, right:
And though to Glycon's strength I can't pretend,
My own I ought to cherish and defend:
An equal force belongs not to each man;
But still 'tis right to go the lengths we can.

Does base desire of wealth disturb thy mind?
There's soothing precepts for your cure design'd.
Has love of praise puff'd up thy tumid brain?
Books bring it to it's natural size again.
For thirst of wine, sloth, anger, envy, love,
Persuasive sounds unfailing cordials prove;

There's

There's none so harden'd, so made up of steel,
If he attends, but must their power feel.

The man is virtuous who all vices flies,
And he alone, who quits his follies, wise :

'Tis the first step we must attempt to gain ;
If there we fail, our labour's lost and vain.

You see, with endless struggle, how intent
All fly from poverty, and shun contempt !

How many seek India's remotest shore,
Dread endless dangers less than being poor !

Fire, rocks, and stormy seas oppose in vain,
And life, however dear, is lost for gain !

Strange, that for wealth mankind should labour so,
Yet take no pains it's real worth to know !

For money, aged fires incessant cry ;

Money, the beardless striplings all reply !

Be truly just, all sciences explore ;

You're rank'd among the common herd, if poor !

Children,

Children, yet uncorrupt, say no such thing,
Who, playing, chuse the worthiest always king.

While man, thus wretched, lost in error lies,
'Tis surely worth attempting to be wise;
Virtue alone, than finest gold more pure,
Can only give and make our blifs secure;
In that intrench'd, we're all at peace within,
Nor tremble, conscious of a hidden sin.
Does he advise you best, who bids you go,
And, right or wrong, no end of heaping know;
Remark'd at plays that you may nearer sit,
Among the knights, distinguish'd in the pit?
Or he who, careful, bids you form your mind,
Subdue those passions which your reason blind?
Great in yourself, and obstinately right,
Lest glitt'ring vapours cheat your dazzled sight.

L

But

But if I am ask'd, what reason I can give
Why I don't think with those with whom I live?
My answer's such the wily fox once gave,
When the sick lyon ask'd him to his cave:
The footsteps fright me all towards thy den,
No marks of any that return again.
I must be, surely, lost, confounded quite,
Should I consent, for who shall lead me right?
What must I think or act, whom follow, say,
When every man points out a diff'rent way?
These farm the funds, and drain the bleeding
state;
Others for widows rich contrive a bait;
Some tickle rich old dotards, doom'd their prey;
This see's his gold at int'rest swell each day:
What wonder men all varying thus we find:
Is the same man one hour of the same mind?

The

The rich man, charm'd with Baia's sweet retreat,
Lays the foundation, hurrying, of a feat;
Some new caprice starts up, and the next day
The tools to Teanum are borne away.
Has he a wife, a single life is best!
If not, there's none but married men are bless'd!
How shall I fix this Proteus, which way bind
Him, changing shapes, and shifting like the wind?

The poor man acts as mad too in his way.
Changes his garret, barber, bath, each day;
Sick of his hir'd boat, with spleen o'er grown,
Like him who lolls indignant in his own!

You laugh, when you behold me odly drest;
One thing ill chose, not suiting to the rest;
And yet when restless, with myself at strife,
I pass, in one great inconsistency, life;

What first was square, I'm turning to a round,
And some new whims the former all confound :
You laugh not then, or shew a friendly care,
As this disease has nothing in it rare ;
To cure your friend no method you pursue,
Him who depends on, lives alone in you !
Nor, careful, have me in confinement put,
You, who are angry at a nail ill cut !

But, to conclude, 'tis certain, as the light,
Our happiness consists in judging right :
The Stoics, who pretend great lengths to go,
From wisdom say a perfect bliss must flow ;
I, that the share our lot she only can bestow.

A N

A N

O C C A S I O N A L L E T T E R

T O A

F R I E N D,

O n h i s R E P I N I N G a t O L D A G E.

THERE is a fate that over-rules our will,
 And some must write, no matter well or ill;
 So strong the bent, it mocks advice and time,
 Reigns in full force in youth and life's decline.
 How many have I known to strain for wit,
 With heads incapable to yield one bit !
 Yet, restless, ever drudging, on they go ;
 You'd swear the de'il contriv'd to have it so !

Reason

Reason and ease are sacrific'd to rhyme,
And many only live to make words chime!

But, how it ever happen'd I should write,
I own, exceeds my understanding quite;
I, who have pass'd so many years away,
And only touch'd a pen to sign for pay.
It must be owing, sure, to some damn'd crime,
That I am plagu'd to pump my head for rhyme;
Some cursed slip for which I must atone,
A hidden fault as yet to me unknown.
Sometimes, I own, I much suspect my head;
That all's not as it should be there, I dread:
How small a matter hurts the tender brain,
Where fine-spun whims their wond'rous pow'r
maintain?

Such nice disorders to the head belong,
Few can discern, when it is right or wrong:

How

How oft are brains turn'd topsy-turvy quite,
When crowds, applauding, shall pronounce them
right?

But, if I've hit, or not, the reason true,
Since write I must, excuse these lines to you.

Be not uneasy at approaching age,
But only think in life what suits each stage;
Why will you murmur, that you are no more
Fit for the part you've acted heretofore;
And rather not with chearfulness submit
To what unerring nature judges fit?
In years advanc'd, what can we wail as bad?
Tis but a change to rational from mad.

Look down on youth, observe what scenes
appear,

And tell me what is to be sigh'd for there:

Impetuous

Impetuous passions ever bear the sway,
And, void of reason, giddy youths obey.
In vain, you cry aloud, Take heed! beware!
Turn this way, for destruction waits you there :
More deaf than adders, smiling, they go on,
Till health and substance, fame and all, are gone!
Some with the cruel itch of gaming curst,
Of ev'ry vice th'absurdest, meanest, worst,
To ruin or be ruin'd spend their time ;
And many boast to drink a sea of wine ;
And, though distinguish'd by the pow'r to think,
Believe the species only made to drink.
Regarding none, they riot, rant, and rore,
And stab a friend, perhaps just kiss'd before ;
Honour's the word with which your ears they
din ;
A noise when vented, in their heads a whim.

Another

Another coxcomb struts and curls his hair,
And lives for nothing, but to please the fair;
This fills his head, when waking, when he sleeps,
That ev'ry woman likes him that he meets.
In various follies thus they pass their time,
And some there are in whom the whole set join!

But grant that nature, as in years we grow,
Should with a scantier hand her joys bestow,
Shall we refuse what she consents to give,
Vainly repining, wretched chuse to live,
And not, submissive, her last bounty take,
The pleasures suiting to our present state?
To those who rightly think they're not a few,
If firm, as reason leads us, we pursue:
For age how many joys are set apart,
Which, though they do not fire, yet warm the
heart?

M

Besides,

Besides, the mind, all calm, sedate, and clear,
Renders that smaller share of bliss sincere,
While oft the young, hurry'd by rage away,
Pay years of pain for pleasures of a day!
True bliss is not depending on the time,
Whether in years advanc'd, or in our prime;
It all consists in following nature's light,
Which shews us what for ev'ry season's right;
Wholly depends on a well-order'd mind,
That yields obedient to the lot assign'd;
To ev'ry change that's ready to submit,
Because the great Ordainer knows 'tis fit.
The wise will on this sure foundation rest,
That nature orders all things for the best;
And age and death are certainly the mean
To some great end, though yet by us unseen.
To all within our compass look around,
How all things answ'ring, as design'd, are found:

When

When nature acts remov'd then from our sight,
Can we suppose she is no longer right;
Takes constant care of all within our view,
But one step farther knows not what to do!
The present things are all that strike the sight;
But past have been, and future shall be right;
Death is no more, if we consider true,
Than just the point that terminates our view:
Think not in death we really are no more,
We still go on to scenes unknown before,
Conducted by all-powerful nature's hand,
Who knows no stop, is never at a stand.

Can all her labours to no purpose tend,
A chain be form'd of causes to no end,
The wond'rous skill, contrivance, thrown away,
All beings but the bubbles of a day?

How

156 *An Occasional Letter to a Friend, &c.*

How vain she must her mighty pow'r apply,
If life's for nothing given, but to die !
Look up to all those endless worlds so bright,
That fill infinity with heat and light,
Thro' all a spirit reigns that moves the whole,
One vivifying, great, eternal Soul :
To the minutest part in earth, or air,
Turn but your eyes, and you behold it there ;
That ever present, what have we to dread ?
That gives each atom life, and nothing can be
dead.

T H E E N D.

